Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1727.

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THE BYSTANDER. MARCH 31, 1927.

The BYSTANDER

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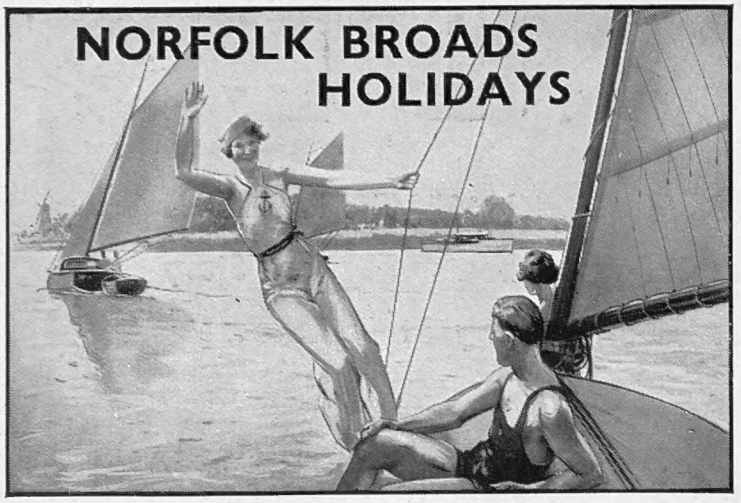

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The Bystander

King Leopold Plays Golf at Ascot

King Leopold went down to the Royal Berkshire for a game of golf the day after he arrived in London for his brief visit last week. Miss Pam Barton, who is Champion of Britain and America, played with him. And the King had one of our rare sunny days for the game. His visit, though private, was vastly important, since its main object was the discussion with members of the Cabinet of Belgium's new foreign policy. The King's ability and personal charm make him an invaluable expounder of his country's point of view

Norman Parkinson

South Wales Miner

The miner had just come to the surface after his day's work. His eyes, their protecting goggles removed, are still unaccustomed to daylight; the skin round them shows oddly white against the grime of coal-dust that fills every pore of his face. This camera-study was made by Norman Parkinson who has recently visited the South Wales Special Area; some more of the pictures he took there will appear in next week's issue

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Pope's Encyclical to Catholics in Germany is a very strong condemnation of the Nazi régime. It denounces the Government for violating the Concordat which was signed in 1933, and attacks the Nazi theories of racial purity in the most emphatic language. It is not surprising that the Bishop who read the Encyclical last Sunday in the Cathedral in Berlin should have warned his flock to be ready for an open fight with the authorities.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S triumphant tour of Libya was brought to a sudden end by a storm. He had time, however, during his visit, to get through quite a lot of work. Besides waving a handsome gold sword and riding in a torchlight procession on a white horse, he proclaimed himself protector of the Moslems of the world. The details of the protection have not yet been worked out, and I wait with eagerness to see exactly how the great man is going to extend the shelter of his strong arm over the millions of Moslems who are subjects of our own King-Emperor. His Highness the Aga Khan has not been thrown into any conspicuous transports of joy on hearing about his new protector. The storm, by the way, which so abruptly stopped the tour, took place, not in Libya, as you might have thought, but in the Guadarramas in Spain, and it wasn't sand, either.

THE Government's bill for carrying out our obligations under the Non-Intervention scheme has been published. It is a complicated business, but the kernel of it is that any British merchant ship going to Spain will have to call at a specified port and pick up a member of the neutral observation corps, whose job will be to search the ship for munitions and cargo. There are at least half-a-dozen loopholes in the scheme, and it is not likely that these loopholes will be missed by the people who are anxious to send arms to one side or the other. But in spite of these flaws, the British Government has been very careful to point out that it is ready to do its best, but that it does not propose to start doing its best until the other exporting countries have shown an equal amount of goodwill. The zones for the naval control of the Spanish coasts has also been announced; the British navy has been allotted most of the north coast, and the part of the south which includes Malaga and Gibraltar.

THE latest list of Coronation guests includes Signor Grandi, who is to represent his Majesty the King of Italy. Signor Grandi is the Italian Ambassador in London. Some people are saying that this is a deliberate insult on the part of Signor Mussolini, as a great many countries are making a big effort and are sending special delegations to honour the British people and their King. But surely it is unthinkable that the head of a State which is one of our colleagues on the Council of the League, which is one of our co-signatories of the Locarno Treaty, which is one of our co-signatories of the Kellogg Pact to renounce war, which has just concluded with us a gentleman's agreement concerning the Mediterranean, would dream of wanting to insult us. Nor can I agree with the diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, who seems to see in Signor Grandi's appointment a modest admission from Signor Mussolini that Italy is on the same level as Nicaragua, Panama, Guatemala, Honduras and the black Republic of Hayti, all of which are to be represented by their Ministers in London. My own feeling is that Italy is economising.

Looking Down on Sport

"Master of Millions—in his Solitude" was the caption supplied to this cheerful picture of Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; he was photographed early one morning on Chiswick Bridge, watching Boat Race practice

Empire Delegates for the Coronation are Arriving

The first from the Commonwealth of Australia was the Hon. Richard Casey, who was met at Victoria with his wife by the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia. Mr. Casey sits in the Commonwealth Parliament for Corio, has been Treasurer since 1935, was educated at Melbourne University and Cambridge, got a D.S.O. and M.C. in the war; will attend the Imperial and the International Sugar conferences

WHILE I am on the subject of Italy, Captain Liddell Hart is very interesting on the Mediterranean in his new book, *Europe in Arms*. His view is that in a future war, submarines and aircraft will make narrow seas impassable for ships, and that our naval strategy ought to be profoundly influenced by this consideration. Malta and Haifa will be within range of Italian aerodromes, and a Fascist victory in Spain will menace Gibraltar. Therefore we should concentrate upon the Cape route to India. The Admiralty, on the other hand, is determined to ignore theory and trust in its strong right arm. Our strength in the Mediterranean, therefore is being heavily reinforced.

THERE was an epic scene in the House of Commons a few days ago, when a trembling and awe-struck crowd of members listened to a three-cornered battle between three redoubtable Admirals. The air was thick with verbal cannonading and denunciatory salvos. There has been nothing like it since the Battle of Lepanto in 1571. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes was the first to steam into action, sinking en route a mere landlubber in Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and

bringing down Wing Commander James with his anti-aircraft guns. But he soon came up against heavy metal in Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, who returned broadside for broadside. But with Keyes in retreat, muttering occasionally amid Sueter's triumphant firing, suddenly there was a new diversion when Admiral Taylor appeared on Sueter's port bow with a terrific blast at point-blank range. Sueter reeled under the impact, but quickly recovered and repulsed Taylor. He then returned to give the final blows to Keyes, but marred the whole effect of his victory by saying that sailors are too fond of living in "watertight compartments." But it was a great battle, and at the end the civilians, pale and quivering, crept out for refreshment.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR, Governor-General of Canada, is visiting President Roosevelt at the White House. This comes close after Mr. Secretary Cordell Hull's talks with Mr. Runciman on the subjects of tariffs, world-trade, and world-peace. It is known that the President has been seriously thinking of taking the initiative with a "world-peace move," and Lord Tweedsmuir's visit may be more than a mere act of courtesy. Meanwhile, the United States and Germany do not seem to be enjoying each other. Fiorello (Little Flower) La Guardia, Mayor of New York, has been saying unkind things about Herr Hitler, and the official German Press has been retaliating with torrents of invective aimed at pretty nearly every aspect of American life. As a result, the Americans not the least touchy of the peoples, are cross. Anything which shows the dictators that the democracies are not afraid of them is all to the good.

MR. EDWARD KNOBLOCK, author of *Kismet*, collaborator with Arnold Bennett in *Milestones* and *My Lady's Dress*, writer of many other plays and several novels, connoisseur of period furniture and decoration, is one of the directors of the new venture at the Richmond Theatre. It will be all the more incomprehensible, therefore, if it turns out that the management of the theatre has had anything to do with the coining of the monstrous new word "nightinée," which has arrived from Richmond, rather as bubonic plague used to arrive from Formosa or somewhere in the old days. This hideous abomination of a word is supposed to be a description of a theatrical performance which begins at about 5.30 p.m., and is therefore half-way between a night performance and a matinée. Dear heaven, what a word. I cannot believe that it was ever blessed, even very dimly, by such a fastidiously elegant mind as Mr. Knoblock's. Why not go the whole hog and call it demi-nocturne, or après-midinette, or high-tea gala, or mezzanine? None of them are worse than sea-drome, or televise, or matinée.

THE golf correspondents struck an odd similarity of note in their praise of Harry Vardon. They all said that his style was perfection, and that he was the pioneer who prepared the way for modern golf, and that his famous tour in America in 1900 was indirectly responsible for American golf supremacy after the war. It is at least arguable that this is rubbish. Vardon was a genius who played according to his own freakish fancy. He did not use the traditional Scottish swing or methods or grip, and he was copied by almost every golfer of the pre-war and a good many of the post-war age. But they were not geniuses, and they crumpled badly before the Americans who did not use the Vardon style at all, but who had learnt the old Scottish style from the countless Scottish professionals who had emigrated.

"WISDEN'S CRICKET ALMANACK" for 1937 has been published, and once again I lodge my annual protest against a scandalous omission in an otherwise wonderful five-bob's-worth. *Wisden* contains information about cricket-matches played in England, Wales, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, West Indies, South America, the Channel Islands, Holland, Denmark, and about fifty other corners of the world. But there is not a single line which might convey the news that there is a county championship in Scotland.

THERE has been a sudden outburst of publicity about cock-fighting. It started over a "main" in the north of France, and has now revived in one of its periodical spurts about cock-fighting in the north of England. Humane societies, and the police, have always found it difficult to get evidence against the promoters of this mediæval survival, owing to the skill with which a cordon of sentries is posted on the moors where the "mains" take place. It seems rather a give-away, therefore, to announce publicly that aeroplanes will now be used to carry observers. Spurs for fighting-cocks used to be sold in Cockspur Street, near the Admiralty Arch, as you will find in Mr. James Bone's *London Perambulator*, the most fascinating book that has been written about London in our time.

Governor-General for South Africa

Sir Patrick Duncan left a week before Easter for South Africa to take up his appointment as Governor-General in succession to the Earl of Clarendon. He and Lady Duncan and their daughter Deborah sailed together in the Warwick Castle

Playwright and Actress for New York

Benn Levy and his wife, Constance Cummings, have gone to New York, where he is producing "Young Madame Conti," with Constance Cummings in the part she played so brilliantly in London. They made their Atlantic crossing in the Queen Mary

Mrs. Adele van Rensselaer had a rough journey when she came over from New York to join an Easter Riviera party. Lady Mappin is another member of it

Mr. Berry Wall is so well-known a Monte Carlo figure that the place wouldn't be itself without him. The same can be said of the sporting world of New York

Mr. and Mrs. Lois Lezard were on the Monte Carlo terrace in the morning sun of a perfect day. They come from Kimberley, South Africa, and are the parents of Julien Lezard, who hunts in Leicestershire and is Lord Ranfurly's stepfather

The Riviera Season

The Big Migration for Easter

Right: Miss Mona Simpson and Phyllis Lady Burgh have spent a fortnight at Monte Carlo and come back to London this week. Mona Simpson is one of the three attractive sisters of whom the eldest is Mrs. Bernard Rubin

Below: Miss Peg Deuchar and her father, Mr. Bertie Deuchar, were sitting with Mrs. Grant Richards. The latter lives in Monte Carlo, is Hungarian-born, and the wife of the London publisher

Miss Elizabeth Meade is with her parents, Major and Mrs. Harry Meade, at their lovely Villa Isoletta, near Monte Carlo. They bought it two years ago

The Suffolk Christening

Lord and Lady Suffolk's second son was christened at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh, and given the names of Maurice David Henry. He is seen in the arms of his mother (who was Mimi Crawford); his elder brother, Michael John James George Robert, Viscount Andover, is on the right

The Maitlands Go Fishing

Lord and Lady Maitland and their dog and their catch—six fine spring salmon—were photographed at South Wark, on the River Tweed, after a day's sport. She was Helena Perrott before their marriage last autumn

Dress Rehearsal for

Lady Gloria Fisher was arranging Miss Margaret Stirling's complicated head-dress at the dress rehearsal for the Coronation Ball to be held at the Albert Hall on May 13th. They represent characters out of Shakespeare

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE Grand National, treated more as a party and a picnic than a racing event, is the greatest fun in the world.

Serious racegoers may wince at this description, but it is the only way in which we can console ourselves for the monstrous and incredible pigheadedness of our stupid bets.

The traffic arrangements may be partly to blame, for the worm-like pace at which approaching vehicles are forced to proceed when near the course, in order that half-empty trains may rattle by ("Ee, boot theey belong to Corperration!"), so held up our arrival that we had no time to ferret out any useful information, or even buy our favourite midday special.

Amused at Himself

THE excitement of the whole proceedings, the Royal box, the mass of well-known faces, the "champagne only" bar, makes one feel that this chillsome Midland meeting is really Ascot dressed in tweeds and goloshes!

Aintree is full of surprises, and the first was to find that Lord Berners owned a competitor called Passing Fancy. As his trainer, Captain Powell was a member of our house-party, we were queueing up at the Tote investors' box, when we saw his lordship, looking highly amused at himself as an owner.

Surprise number two came when we collided with Mr. Teddy Underdown, who had arrived from America only that morning, just in time to change and catch the breakfast special.

His return to England had been accelerated by Noel Coward's unfortunate breakdown, but he had had a wonderful time in America, and, as we predicted in this column months ago, had received several alluring film offers.

A Monogram Clue

FASHION notes from the course included Lady Claud Hamilton's super-smart jockey cap, with "V. H." embroidered, a faint clue to her identity for many enquiring admirers; Miss Noel Winterbottom, a beautiful Cheshire debutante, in a bright rust-coloured dress under a beige broadtail coat; Miss Sheila Roche, wearing the best mink coat we saw all day. Poor Mrs. Oscar Winterbottom never saw hers again; it was stolen off the peg in one of those ultra-select luncheon rooms!

We had a surfeit of hatless women at this meeting: so they appeared from the front, but clamped on to the uttermost back of their head there was always a tiny untrimmed skull cap that was a mere apology of a hat. Such an epidemic cannot last. It is caused, we think, by the new swept-back, ends-curled coiffure that is the affectation of the moment.

At an Adelphi lift later in the day, we encountered the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, in a pale-blue jacket and abbreviated white skirt. The determined mien, black hair, and tortoise-shell glasses of a young man just stepping in, reminded us of Jock Whitney, and, of course, so it was.

This is Important

AMONG numerous charity functions deserving a mention, we must underline the Festival Dinner in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement, at Grosvenor House on April 20th, at which H.R.H. the Duke of Kent will preside.

In addition to the dinner and dancing afterwards, to Jack Payne's band, there is a cabaret and many amusing competitions, with marvellous prizes.

All this is free, it being left to guests to make whatever donation they think suitable. The tickets and all information may be obtained from the chairman of the dinner committee, the Duke of Atholl, at 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

There is also the huge Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall next evening (not on the 22nd, as was wrongly said in the "Bystander" two weeks ago); it's a glorified version of the one Mrs. Leslie Gamage organises every year for the Infants' Hospital, Westminster.

For Celebrities Only

ANOTHER Coronation function which sounds quite unique is the Celebrity Party which the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial* are giving (and giving is the word) on May 10th, at the Dorchester. The motto is "tribute to achievement," and every single guest will be famous in some line or other—in politics, in science, on the stage, in the ring, in the air, on the air, on paper, in music, and so on.

What a chance for a Guy Fawkes who was jealous of other men's successes.

The Milkman's Round

NEWS reaches us of what sounds likely to be a swell (but less superhuman) party on April 7th, at 30, Curzon Street.

he Coronation Ball

Lord Hambleden and Lady David Cecil

These two pictures were taken at the Walrus Ball at Grosvenor House, given in aid of King's College Hospital; Lady David Cecil, who came with her husband, is Desmond MacCarthy's daughter

Rex Whistler, Lady Mary Pakenham and Lord David Cecil

Were three more to hear the excellent cabaret (given partly by students and nurses of King's College Hospital) at the Walrus Ball, which was held under Baroness Ravensdale's chairmanship

The four hostesses are Lady Jean Mackintosh and her sister, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, and the Hon. Mary Boot. It is to be a pay party to raise some money towards the expenses (band, etc.) of the Golden Ball in aid of the Golden Square Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital.

For twenty-five shillings we are told that we can eat and drink until the milkman starts his rounds. This sounds generous enough, particularly with a good band and cabaret thrown in. Edward Voules is running the party.

Riviera News

EASTER WEEK on the Riviera opened in blazing sunshine, after a long, dull spell. A more youthful element arrived by every train. "Evy" Hambro and his pretty sister Susan, the Deuchar girls, Mrs. Glasbrook, who wore blue sequins to dance with Mr. B. E. Luard, a tall Coldstreamer, the "Flash" Kelletts and Mona Simpson were some of the youngsters.

Bernard Docker, one of the richest men in the United Kingdom, plays at the ten-franc table, his face lined with anxiety. Or is he pretending to be anxious? There are endless tombolas, lucky dips, bridge tournaments, etc., in aid of the British Hospital at Nice, and in one of these Lady Edelston's maid won an umbrella. The next day the weather turned fine.

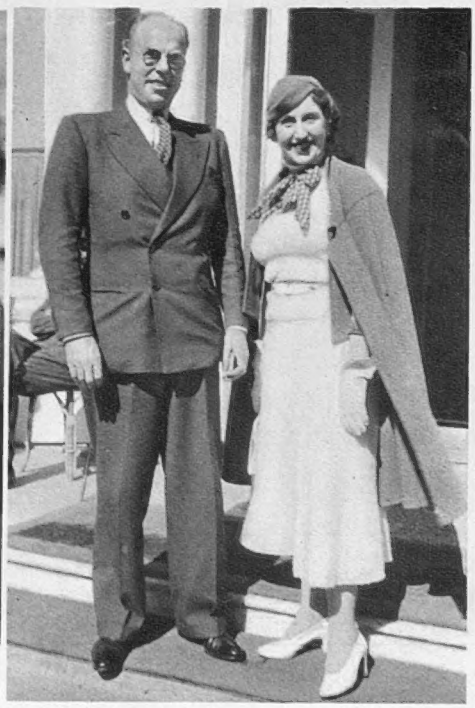
More arrivals are General and Mrs. Leveson-Gower from the Isle of Wight. Only after three goes of 'flu could the General be persuaded to try Monte Carlo, and now he wishes he had obeyed doctor's orders sooner. His son and daughter-in-law, the Hugh Leveson-Gowers, spent Easter at Wengen.

Trippers and Tins

"NEW blood" on the Riviera is very welcome, and among those who have moved in more or less recently, are Major and Mrs. Harry Meade and their very lovely blonde daughter Elizabeth. The Meades bought Isoletta, on the main road from Monte Carlo to Cap Ferrat. The only approach is by walking over the railway line. There is no bridge, so visitors have to look twice in case the Blue Train is bearing down on them.

Isoletta has a tiny rocky island all its own just off the beach, but as there is a law in France whereby one yard of the coastline belongs to the public, trippers flock in on Sundays. In summer they camp all night, almost under the villa windows, eating garlic, singing and fishing (nothing is ever caught), and then bathing noisily in the early morning. Luckily this only happens at week-ends.

Major Meade makes friends with the campers, who fly red flags, and greet him with a Communist salute. He tries to make them tidy the beach, but Communists are not keen on keeping common property in good order. They smile, wave clenched fists, and leave a wreckage of tins behind.



Easter Arrivals on the Riviera

A brother and sister who arrived in the South of France ten days ago were Mr. "Evy" Hambro and his dark-haired attractive sister, Miss Susan Hambro. They are staying in Monte Carlo

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Bryce Allen joined his cousin, Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, for Easter. He owns Ballikinrain Castle in Stirlingshire; she was Mme. Jolivette, the French actress, before their marriage eight years ago

Not One Free Evening!

THE latest rumoured strike is a proposed "stay off the gilt chairs" strike, organised by some Mammas of 1937 debutantes.

They complain that their working hours are too long, and as most of them have one or more dances to attend nearly every night for the months of April, May and June, their complaint can be said to be somewhat justified.

One chaperon was heard to mutter darkly the other day that she hadn't got a free evening from now until the middle of July. Well, we have never had one since we became Miss Peeps, at your service!

MISS PEEPS

The Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer was racing with Lord Normanton. Her suit with its high-buttoned neck, leg-of-mutton sleeves and large-flapped pockets is very new but also extremely early Edwardian

The Duchess of Norfolk was all in rust-red. She and her husband were staying at Knowsley where Lord Derby entertained the King and Queen. She came of age last Monday

Lady Honor Vaughan and her brother, Lord Vaughan, who is nineteen this year, watched the National together. The same week Lady Lisburne had given a dance in London for her debutante daughter

Aintree Retrospect

A pair of young married couples all equally absorbed in racing and hunting are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garnett (she was Mary Gerard Leigh) and Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray-Smith (she was Ulrica Thynne)

Outside the Adelphi

Lady Diana Dixon and her husband, Mr. Daniel Dixon, were just leaving the famous Liverpool hotel for Aintree on Grand National Day

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 13

Sir Louis Greig

IT would be really hard to find anyone more versatile than Sir Louis Greig. Doctor, stockbroker, international Rugger player, sailor, soldier and airman, chairman of the All-England Lawn-Tennis and Croquet Club, Governor of Guy's Hospital, Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park, extra Gentleman Usher to the King, associate of the National Sporting Club, chairman of the Not-Forgotten Association, member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the Marlborough—need I go on? All right; ex-prisoner of war, ex-Comptroller to the Duke of York and ex-captain (six times) of Scotland. Sir Louis Greig has added to his many other activities this year by becoming a debutante's chaperon, for his daughter Jean is making her bow this season, and though he claims that he now prefers slippered ease in front of his fireside, he is showing in the ballroom that he is as young as ever.

BORN with one of the shortest noses and longest upper lips I have ever seen, Sir Louis Greig thought of entering the Indian Civil Service while still a schoolboy. Then he suddenly changed his mind, and decided to enter the Senior Service; but he was six months too old to go through the ordinary channels. It involved his becoming a doctor. So he became one—which is typical of the man. He gets what he is after—like all good international stand-off halves. At the age of twenty, therefore, he joins the Navy as a surgeon lieutenant. His reputation as a Rugger player however, reaches the ears of Authority, and in this capacity, rather than as a medico, he finds himself at Osborne. Not surprisingly, the King took a liking to him, and for the next few years he finds himself attached to the then Duke of York (after a brief period as prisoner of war before being exchanged for a German naval commander). With the Duke he is sent to the Malaya. With him he is transferred to the Royal Air Force. With him, indeed, he is associated until the Duke marries the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. At which stage he is able to join his father-in-law's and brother-in-law's firm of stockbrokers at Number Three, Lothbury, with occasional time off to shoot in Scotland, to hunt in Hertfordshire, and, of course, to be a Gentleman Usher. He is, however, always to be found at the office during the week from 10.15 a.m. continuously until 5 p.m. He does not go out even for luncheon, and is always very punctual. Before breakfast he usually rides in Richmond Park. At night he is often to be found at the cinema. He is, by the way, a great fan of Leslie Howard.

AS a boy he did a great deal of boxing, only stopping when he had two teeth knocked out. He is still very keen about it, and is regularly to be seen in a ringside seat at the Empress Stadium on Monday nights—with his schoolboy son Carron beside him in the holidays. In addition to the Thatched House, Richmond Park, he has a place on the Moray Firth, where he sails a lot with the Findhorn Yacht Club. Offhand I should say that he is one of the fittest men of his age in the country. He should certainly write his reminiscences; but I suppose he will never be able to tell the exact part he played in the formation of the National Government. That was high politics indeed, and he more than deserved his knighthood.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Road to Rome" (Savoy)

IT is pretty safe to say that most playgoers, being asked whether they would like to see a piece in which the list of characters included Hannibal and Hasdrubal and Scipio and Fabius Maximus, would rather wonder whether an evening spent in some other way might not, perhaps, prove a wee bit livelier. So many of us associate those Punic Wars, of which there were no fewer than three, all equally difficult, with homework and headaches and an anxious tomorrow. And while they might be all very well on the screen, where it is possible to show the elephants actually crossing the Alps, and where Greta Garbo and Charles Laughton can unmake more history in an hour than most schoolmasters can make in a term or most generals in a ten-years'-war, on the stage, Roman history does sound like a dangerously stodgy proposition.

THERE is, however, nothing stodgy about Robert Emmett Sherwood's famous failure, *The Road to Rome*—a failure that was famous because, though many plays have run only for a few weeks, in this case there remained behind a feeling that here was an excellent piece of work to which the public had done scant justice. For years playgoers lamented the loss of *The Road to Rome*. What a shame that it came off so soon! What a pity that nobody revived it! So, slowly but surely, it achieved a reputation quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merits, which were, nevertheless, not inconsiderable. Then Mr. Ronald Adam revived it at the Embassy. Now, since to transfer is human, it may be seen at the Savoy. And there, let us tell you, you will discover for yourself that there was as good fun B.C. as ever came after it, and that what Mr. Shaw did with Cæsar and Cleopatra, Mr. Sherwood has divertingly done with Hannibal and Amytis — not to mention Fabius Cunctator, who, in his thick-skinned stupidity, comes out of the same tent as Britannicus.

Il Duce, B.C. 216: Fabius Maximus (Aubrey Dexter)

Sketches by Rouson

Ready for murder, rape and arson in Rome: Hannibal (James Mason)

THIS play tells Roman history in satirical modern terms for grown-up pleasure-seekers as writers of primers tell it in words of one syllable for children. And where history remains a mystery, Mr. Sherwood quite excusably considers himself as much at liberty to concoct an explanation as any erudite professor. Nobody knows why, when Hannibal had Rome in his very grasp, he suddenly turned aside and sacrificed his chance. Mr. Sherwood, being a dramatist, suggests the intervention of a woman, and that woman the wife of Fabius, who was defending the city. The scene in which Amytis visits Hannibal and persuades him to ungird his sword—and you know what happens when a pretty, peace-loving lady persuades a general to ungird his sword at night—is taken a little too heavily in this production. Amytis is a hedonistic æsthete with a most unhistorical outlook who cannot bring herself to take war seriously and who is never in the least impressed by her pompous husband's appointment as dictator. Miss Isabel Jeans, in the original production, kept this character severely and deliciously flippant all through. Miss Ena Burrill's performance is less distinguished. But, like Mr. James Mason's Hannibal, it serves. Meanwhile, Mr. Aubrey Dexter's Fabius bellows amusingly, though the suggestion in the text that he was not a very virile husband receives flat contradiction from the personality he presents.

Taken for all in all, one of the better plays, with jokes about elephants that are irresistible.

Willing victim of Hannibal: Amytis (Ena Burrill)

Anthony

Violet Vanbrugh — Fifty Years an Actress

It would not be wise to attempt even a résumé of Miss Vanbrugh's stage parts; the list of them occupies four and a-half columns in *Who's Who in the Theatre*, stretching back to a walk-on part in *Faust and Loose* at Toole's Theatre in 1886. Violet Vanbrugh is five years older than her equally famous sister Irene. They are daughters of the late Rev. Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter, and were brought up in that city, Violet going to France and Germany to finish and Irene to Paris and London, after which both went determinedly for a stage career and, remember, that needed some courage in a clergyman's daughter of the 'eighties. Violet Vanbrugh, who married the late Arthur Bourchier and has an actress daughter, Prudence, decided not to celebrate her golden jubilee in February. She was seen a fortnight ago in Robert Atkin's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at The Ring, Blackfriars; her performance as Mistress Ford and her sister's of Mistress Page were typical of the Vanbrugh standard of economic, ripe, gracious acting that few can hope to equal

Norman Parkinson

Mosaic for the Paris Exhibition

Clifford and Rosemary Ellis are working on a mosaic floor for the main entrance of the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition, and here they are with the whole and part of their design. It illustrates the section devoted to "British Sports and Games," with a centre-piece of racing surrounded by hunting, shooting, fishing and golf. The hunting group is the section on which they are at work. They are husband and wife, and produce all their clever and original work—mosaics, decorative panels, posters—as a team. Their go-to-the-country posters for the L.P.T.B. are probably their most widely-known designs: that woodpecker in the right-hand top corner of the photograph adorns one of them

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DISTURBING things are happening in Wales. The Machynlleth Executive Committee having accepted the resignations of eight adjudicators of the National Eisteddfod who withdrew because of the selection of Mr. Churchill and some other foreigner as this year's President, the Rev. Fred Jones of Talybont, Chairman of the Literary Committee, has now tendered his resignation as well. It looks at the moment as if there may not be an Eisteddfod at all—God forbid such a blow should fall on unhappy Europe, distracted already by upheavals, fratricide, civil strife, and the mutter of impending doom. Already the news has flashed round the world that the Rev. Fred Jones has chucked in his hand. What next? Europe may well ask. Will the Chief Bard Ifor ap Chrwddyfrrchrwog (Rev. J. Jones) return his ceremonial green nightie and crown? Will the six Chief Druids (Revs. S. Jones, P. Jones, B. Jones, H. Jones, T. Jones, O. Jones) duck their solemn duties? And what of Mrs. Gchwyllwyfrrydd Jones who writes all the oratorios and Miss E. Jones who writes all the poetry? And what about the Mr. D. Jones who conducts the male voice choirs and was due to give the world-première of a new hymn by Dr. Yscrogffriw Jones, Mus.Bac. (Wales)?

They don't like the look of the situation in Vienna, nor in Berlin; still less in Rome and New York, and in Paris they 're frankly aghast, crowds parading the Grands Boulevards and snatching the latest editions of the evening papers. The *Intransigeant's* headlines one day last week sum up the general alarm pretty vividly. Under the main "splash" headings "DERNIERE HEURE.—LE DRAME EISTEDDFODIQUE. — LE REVEREND JONES FICHE SA DEMISSION" ("Latest—The Eisteddfod Drama—The Reverend Jones Bungs In His Notice") these follow, translated roughly:

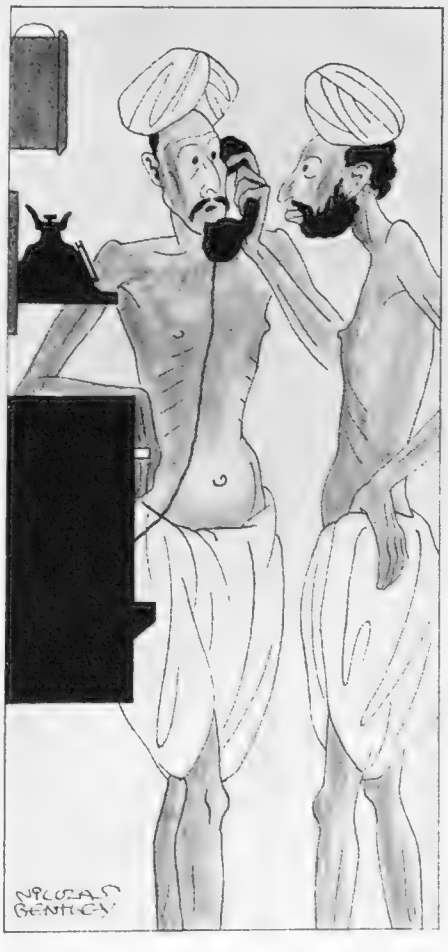
The anguish in London—The Cabinet is menaced—M. Lloyd George takes refuge in Surrey—With savage cries and tears the crowd demand the music of Jones—In Wales there is fighting and suicide—Grave threats to Europe by Mrs. Evans — Will it be a world-crisis?

This is a question more than one Cabinet must be asking itself at this moment.

Bard Wows Broadway

ASKED to name the play least likely to knock cynical, racketty Broadway silly, you 'd probably delve into youthful memories of Shakespeare and answer "*Richard II.*", precisely the piece with which Maurice Evans is sending the New York critics at this moment nutty with amazement and admiration. When those boys do like a thing very much they burst out into a sustained roar of superlatives like Niagara, and the magnificent jewelled cadences of *Richard II.* impinging on ears long inured to stage-dialogue, like "Aw, nuts!" and "Boloney!" have proved highly intoxicating.

Telephone Talks: No. 3



"She say 'to press my button B'"

The present Shakespeare boom in England and America alike is reacting on our Baconian boys again, incidentally—as worthy a collection of pinheads as ever led themselves up a garden. Their latest suggestion is to open Spenser's tomb in the Abbey. At Spenser's burial the leading poets of England flung odes and goosequills into the grave; therefore, say the Baconians, it is only necessary to open the tomb and find a paper bearing an ode in Bacon's handwriting signed "Shakespeare" to prove everything. They don't seem to ask themselves what would be the point of such a tedious trick, seeing that nobody was likely to see the paper again. They don't suggest any explanation at all, in fact. There isn't any actually; barring the possible one that jolly old Bacon was too drunk at the time to realise that he 'd carried on his elaborate Shakespeare joke long enough and all the boys were sick of it. And once we begin working on this hypothesis it seems equally likely that what Bacon threw in Spenser's tomb (if he was there) wasn't an ode at all but an old laundry-bill with "I love Gertie Bagshaw (signed) W. Shakespeare" scribbled on it.

But nothing can shake the Baconians. They ought to link up with those equally dogged lads who prove the British are the Lost Tribe of Israel. It wouldn't be long before they found out that Bacon was Moses, either.

Noses, Noses All the Way

THE latest of the unofficial British bodies to visit Spain uninvited, as you possibly know, is an M.C.C. mission enquiring into the present condition of cricket among the Spaniards. By the courtesy of Miss Powke, welfare worker, a member of the mission, we are able to give an advance précis of their forthcoming report. "Although every pavilion has been burned down or blown up, every professional shot, and every pitch dug up," said Miss Powke firmly, "we found *no evidence of any anti-cricket feeling in Spain whatsoever.* We are quite unanimous about this."

The M.C.C.'s report will take the shape of a White Paper with an exhaustive definitive 150-page appendix by Bishop Jardine and Bishop "Plum" Warner. "Though it is not quite clear from this statement," said Miss Powke, "whether these two prelates agree or otherwise with the report, their words will come as

" This won't do, Gilson. It 's gotta make me shriek *with laughter "*

a clarion-call to clear, constructive thinking on a matter which deeply affects the Empire." She added that it had been hoped that Archbishop C. B. Fry would head the mission personally, with Archdeacon Hobbs as his secretary; but the Archbishop is so shattered by his late emotional and spiritual experiences during the Australian Tests that they had to go without him. " The sustained mystical lyricism of his daily cabled messages to the *Standard*," said Miss Powke, " and the frequent snatches of hymns into which his Grace burst from time to time in praise of Bishop Bradman and other divines, while they will undoubtedly enrich English literature for all time, were extremely exhausting. His Grace will have to take things very quietly for some time." Archdeacon Hobbs is also pretty tired. We should have been glad of his assistance in leading the singing of such hymns as " Hurrah for King Willow ! " and " Boys of the Straight White Bat," with which we delighted the Spanish populace.

No untoward incidents marred the mission's week-end progress, save that once at dusk in the Asturias Mrs. Goucher got harnessed by mistake to a cart, amid cries of " *Arré !* " (" Gee up ! "), " *Saco de heno !* " (" Haybag ! "), etc. After some heated argument Dean Binge, who speaks no Spanish, was able to show the peasants that they were gravely in error.

Waltz King Hits Out

ACCORDING to one of the gossip-boys, Franz Lehar has had a peculiar idea. Having recently read an unpublished novel by Pierre Benoit, author of *Atlantis*, the old Viennese maestro was so carried away that he exclaimed, " I must set this to music ! " He has now done so, and the result is a score with text on one side, music on the other. Its first performance will be given shortly in Paris, with " a leading actress " reading the text to orchestral accompaniment.

If you look up your *Vie de Bohème* you 'll find the musician Schaunard thought of this idea first when he got drunk one evening with M. Blancheron, the sugar refiner, whose pamphlet on the sugar industry Schaunard set to music at a late hour and played with great expression, the author declaiming his text meanwhile. To do the same with a full-length novel seems rather a long joke, and as you can bet that leading actress, whoever she turns out to be, will undoubtedly wring the last drop of emotion out of Benoit's work, gargling and moaning and grimacing and mouthing and raising everything to the *n*th. Nor will anybody be able to stop her, for as you probably are aware, people who like reading aloud do it to please themselves, not you. For this reason they generally exploit invalids too weak or heartbroken to resist them.

The Benoit-Lehar experiment is really a development of the Victorian Penny Reading. If you can believe it, the

" He lives in a little world of his own "

Victorians liked being read to, especially by novelists—e.g., Dickens. There was no musical accompaniment, save the whistling of the wind in the whiskers as the Victorians caught their breath at the startling passages, or sighed heavily and sobbed without restraint over the death of Little Nell. Lehar might give *The Old Curiosity Shop* his attention some time, incidentally. It has always seemed to us that the perfect musical *motif* for the end of Little Nell would be a voluptuous Lehar waltz merging into a wild czardas, expressive of the reactions of Chapman and Hall when the sales-statements began rolling in.

Red Light

EVERY time an Old Etonian over the age of seventy dies Auntie *Times* describes him, quite mechanically, as "the oldest Etonian." The procedure then, generally speaking, is that a chorus of confused protest and injury and mumbling from much older Etonians up and down the country deplores Auntie's judgment, and when they are all out of breath Mr. Eric Parker steps in and triumphantly produces the Oldest Etonian Of All from a special bin. A week or so ago, however, we observed a significant change in this routine. Auntie having proclaimed the oldest Etonian at ninety-three, haphazard, and dismissed the matter, Mr. Parker came back sharply at her within twenty-four hours with a still-flourishing Old Etonian over ninety-five, giving the field no chance.

It 's just a lousy bad habit Auntie has got into, and it was high time Mr. Parker took swift action. The quiet, dogged people of this country will not easily submit to being deceived (Mr. Gladstone) nor will they willingly suffer the supercilious dictation of an orgulous, wayward, and thrasonic oligarch (Mr. John Bright). The anxious public has a right to know the facts concerning vintage Etonians, and looks to Auntie for a ruling in this matter. It does not expect to be fobbed off regularly with a cock-and-bull story which proclaims an attitude at once deliberate, wanton, cynical and contumelious. Auntie may think "anything will do" for the populace when the age of the oldest Etonian is in question, but in many a quiet British home there is steadily growing anger, bewilderment, bitterness, and pain, and a day of reckoning may be nearer at hand than her haughty minions, reclining in voluptuous ease among their cushions in Printing House Square, may expect.

Keep an eye on the stiff-necked old trot, Mr. Parker, sir, for all our sakes.

Hon. Curious Gesture

IT seems odd that Kemal Ataturk's censors should have banned *The Geisha* in Angora, on the ground that it represents Orientals as inferior to Occidentals. Having come across a faded score of this tinkling little musical comedy in the country some time ago we should say it represents nothing but a Kensington impression of Japan in the 'nineties, melodious, genteel, and as determined as a nice spinster aunt to know nothing about the existence of certain embarrassing Japanese social customs. The *clou* of the plot anyhow involves an English girl passing herself off as a geisha, which we are assured would be about as successful, given the intricate rules and traditional regulations hedging round a geisha's existence, as passing herself off as Professor Einstein. Nothing more harmless than *The Geisha* has been seen even on the British musical comedy stage, which is saying a bibful.

There were sound diplomatic reasons for temporarily banning *The Mikado* in the 'nineties during the visit of a Japanese Crown Prince to London, since (*a*) this piece is admittedly a caricature, and (*b*) if the Crown Prince had seen it he 'd probably have been ill with boredom and terror, there being only one thing more frightful than a Gilbert-and-Sullivan piece, and that is a Gilbert-and-Sullivan audience. Perhaps that 's chiefly why they suspended *The Mikado*. The sight of all those whooping gooseberry-eyed fanatics going crazy with delight after every single aria, encoring the dullest three times, and violently shushing every sneeze, would have convinced any thinking Japanese that the British are nuts and might have precipitated a war of conquest. He would probably have wondered also why there was all this raving over a piece devoid of traditional sublimity and normal sacrifice, a piece in which (e.g.) no decent well-brought-up young girl helps her aged parents, or hastens her marriage to a poor but honest young man, by entering a house of hon. prostitution in the *quartier réservé* for a year or two, in the usual manner. (If Gilbert had tried to put that across the gooseberry-eyed! Whoops!)

One can understand somebody banning *The Mikado*, but *The Geisha*! Thinnest of thinly-cut bread and butter! It 's as if the police were to forbid afternoon tea at the Rectory.—**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"I think they come in because they like the warmth"

Films of the Day

Tauber, Crosby, McLaglen : By George Campbell

YOUR reactions to *Pagliacci* will depend on just how addicted you are to opera. From the strictly cinematic point of view the picture has obvious faults. The script is lacking in humanity, as a dignified, slightly too respectful effort to expand a famous operatic tale is apt to be, and it is some time before Karl Grune, the distinguished Austrian director, succeeds in bringing the characters to life. Richard Tauber is the most popular singer of the day, and Nedda, the provocative and unfaithful, is played very well indeed by Steffi Duna. But, I repeat, that it was some time before I could believe in either of them; and realism was not exactly helped by the fact that the early sequences seemed to be all shot at night time, with precisely the same effect of *chiaroscuro*.

THE film begins with the Prologue in colour—a new process, incidentally, called British Chemicolour. It is not yet perfect, but in places the effect is charming. What follows then—the actual sequence from Leoncavallo's opera lasting only twenty minutes—is a new story written for the screen by Monckton Hoffe and Roger Burford, with lyrics by John Drinkwater and (for good measure) Leon M. Lion and Rosse Thompson to supervise the dialogue.

The Canio of the film is the actor manager of a travelling theatre; a devoted, if jealous, husband to the pert, flirtatious Nedda. Harlequin (Arthur Margetson) is in love with her, too; and then, at a party in the garden of an inn, she meets Silvio, a young army officer, and falls in love with him.

They are going to Cremona: so is he. In a storm on Mont St. Bernard the coach in which Nedda should be travelling falls over a precipice. Canio is frightfully upset at what he believes to be her death, still more upset when he finds she is alive, in the officer's coach. A story about bringing the young man a cup of coffee, which does credit to her heart but not to her invention, conveniently postpones the crisis, to the scene in the opera where the clown dons the motley with breaking heart, sings the famous duet, and stabs her to the heart with a table knife. The whole of the operatic part is exceedingly well done, and I, for one, wished there had been more of it.

TAKING voice and everything else into consideration, I cannot think of anybody better suited to the rôle of Canio than Mr. Tauber. His acting has improved, his singing is glorious enough to carry the picture to success even if it had no other assets, which it has. Miss Duna, too, is first-rate—a lovely, attractive little minx, as we may assume Nedda to have been, with a passionate heart and a roving eye for a good-looking male. Arthur Margetson makes an adequate Tonio, Esmond Knight is the not very dashing young officer, and Jerry Verno and Diana Napier have supporting rôles.

BING CROSBY seems to be growing a little tired. I rather like a poker-face, in moderation. It's an agreeable contrast to the rubbery contortions that pass with some of our comedians for humour. But in *Pennies from Heaven* he walks about with the disgruntled expression of a man who Wants to Get Away From It All. In the end, of course, his frozen exterior proves to be only a mask for the warmest of hearts, but long before that I had ceased to care.

The story is just one more variation of the little-child-saved-from-the-orphanage. Edith Fellows, the unpleasant brat whom Claudette Colbert soundly thrashed in one picture with the remark, "This is going to hurt you more than it does me," has a sympathetic rôle for a change. Mr. Crosby is the strolling singer who saves her, Madge Evans is a rather improbable-looking welfare worker who tries to get her put away until she falls in love with the crooner, and an attempt to convert a haunted house into a restaurant gives a chance to bring in Louis Armstrong, complete with trumpet and band.

WHEN a picture is called *The Magnificent Brute*, and Victor McLaglen is starred, you know more or less what to expect. The scene is an iron foundry, where Mr. McLaglen and another brute (William Hall), only one degree less magnificent, battle for supremacy. Mr. McLaglen proves himself stronger, tougher and the better workman, achievements of which he reminds his rival so often that one's sympathies are in danger of being alienated. For a time, too, he gets away with the rival's girl (Binnie Barnes). The inevitable double-cross throws him back in the arms of the nice, kind boarding-house keeper (Jean Dixon), but not until one workman has fallen in a mass of molten metal and the boarding-house keeper's boy has been rescued from a similarly horrific fate by Mr. McLaglen. A long way below the big fellows' best but not at all bad entertainment—if you happen to like rough stuff.

CANDID criticism from a New York reader—a veteran first-nighter of stage and screen: "*Sabotage* pleased me because I love London, and am always interested in anything English. The only discordant note, to my mind, was the American leading lady, Sylvia Sidney, from the New York Ghetto district, the Bronx—a slightly more pretentious Whitechapel. But I believe that British producers imagine (and perhaps correctly) that their pictures have to have American names to attract American audiences, though such stars as Constance Bennett, Neil Hamilton and ZaSu Pitts are no longer draws over here.

"Recently I saw another British film, starring Jessie Matthews, who is, I think, second only to Ginger Rogers. I agree with the opinion expressed by 'Variety,' that Miss Matthews is handicapped by poor costuming. 'Variety's' commentator said it had previously been supposed that her studio was to blame for her lack of *chic*, but now that she is a successful star, and still dresses so shabbily, it must be because she lacks style. On the other hand, Gertrude Lawrence, who is not young enough to photograph well, always dresses smartly, as does that marvellous veteran, Marie Tempest, whom I used to applaud thirty-odd years ago, in her musical comedy days."

Comment would be superfluous—and rash.

Richard Tauber in the Screen "Pagliacci"

Tauber plays Canio and Steffi Duna plays Nedda in the film that has been based on the opera "Pagliacci." Jerry Verno is in it too and Arthur Margetson as Harlequin. The Austrian director Karl Grune has handled the film carefully but without great vitality. Tauber's singing gives the film a value for all who admire his voice. "Pagliacci" is being shown at the Carlton

Scene at a Frontier: Conrad Veidt as Karl von Marwitz

It is Veidt's first rôle at Denham, and he makes a good thing of mixing dashing officer and suave spy: a Berlin-born pupil of Max Reinhardt, he has already been under Saville's direction in "I Was a Spy"

Joan Gardner as Lupita, and von Marwitz

Below: Spy Enemies: von Marwitz and Madeleine (Vivien Leigh)

"Dark Journey"

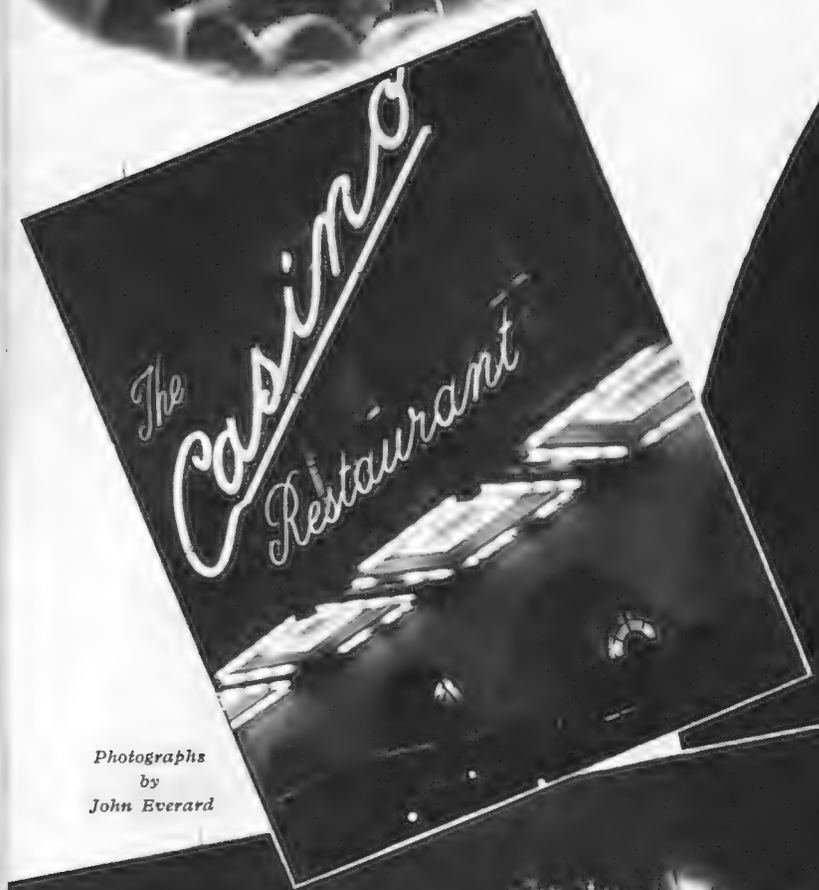
Korda's Spies and Counter-Spies

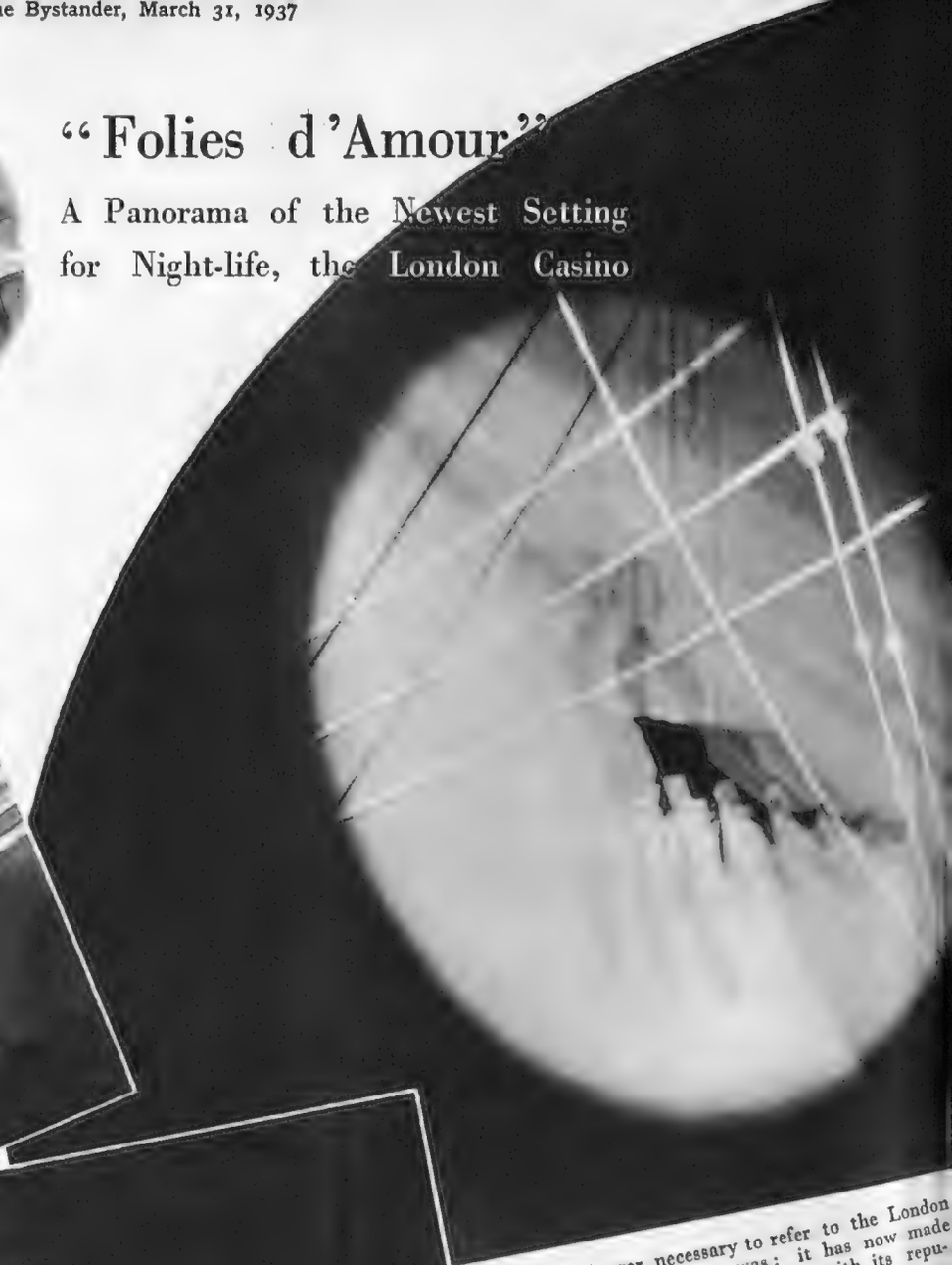
Victor Saville has always been interested in spy stories; he produced *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, "*W*" *Plan*, and *I Was a Spy*; *Dark Journey*, which he has directed for Korda, is his latest and has been heralded as also his best: it is now at the London Pavilion. Conrad Veidt has a part that suits him well—of Karl von Marwitz, ostensibly a cashiered German officer, really (how did you guess?) an ace spy. The setting is war-time but neutral Stockholm, and it seethes with espionage: Vivien Leigh is there, ostensibly as a French modiste, but really (right again!) a spy, too. The clash and love between French woman and German involves Joan Gardner, Anthony Bushell, Ursula Jeans, Austin Trevor and others, and some interesting spy methods come to light, authenticated by a Swedish Chief of Police, it is said. The screen play is by Lajos Biro

Below: Austin Trevor as Dr. Muller (on right)

"Folies d'Amour"

A Panorama of the Newest Setting for Night-life, the London Casino





Photographs by John Everard

It is no longer necessary to refer to the London Edward's Theatre that was: it has now made London's after-dark amusement, with its repu- stage shows, really on a stage, where you dance Harris' two bands make the music and the (showing both at dinner and supper time) *Folies d'Amour*, some of which you can

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tween times. Jack
vue at the moment
Clifford Fischer's
e on this page

"The Good Earth"

Pearl S. Buck's Chinese Story on the Screen

Paul Muni as Wang, the Chinese Farmer

Luise Rainer as O-Lan, the

Pearl S. Buck's superb novel of the poor Chinese farmer and his devoted, humble wife has been adapted for the screen and filmed by M.-G.-M. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer play the chief parts. They were chosen as the best actor and actress of 1936 by the Motion Picture Academy for their respective performances in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* and *The Great Ziegfeld*, and to see them act together in this deeply moving story is more interesting. In fact, the film, which Sidney Franklin directed, will undoubtedly be rated as one of the most remarkable productions of this year. Walter Connolly, Tilly Losch, Charley Grapewin, and Jessie Ralph are among the other non-Chinese players. *The Good Earth* began its run at the Palace Theatre a week ago

Girl Who Married Wang

Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as O-Lan and Wang

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Anne Rhys

Four years ago last week Lady Anne Wellesley married the Hon. David Rhys at St. George's, Hanover Square, and that was twenty-four years to the day after her father and mother were married at the same church. She is the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and a niece of Lord Glentanar; her husband is Lord Dynevor's youngest son. They have one son, Llewellyn Arthur, born in 1935, and live in Norfolk Crescent. This summer their son is going to be in the country at his grandparents' home, Stratfield Saye, in Berkshire, since Coronation London will be no place for a two-year-old. The Wellingtons' London house, Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, will have a superb view of the Procession. David Rhys is one of the three Englishmen in important jobs in big West End hotels: he reached his assistant managership at Claridges' by learning the hotel job from the bottom. Lady Anne Rhys plays a suitable part in helping charitable causes; she is interested in ballet and is now a member of the Vic-Wells Five-Year Plan Committee

Lenare

Miss Moyra Scott

Coronation Debutantes

Moyra Scott is Lord and Lady Francis Scott's younger daughter. Her father is the Duke of Buccleuch's uncle, her mother is Lord Minto's sister, and they live in Kenya Colony. Lady Violet Astor, Moyra Scott's aunt, is giving a dance for her at Carlton House Terrace on June 8th

Hay Wrightson

Left: Miss Mary Rose Charteris

Is the youngest of the Hon. Guy and the late Mrs. Charteris' three daughters, her elder sisters being Lady O'Neill and Lady Long. Her father is Lord Wemyss's only son, and an uncle of Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lady Mary Strickland and Lady Plymouth

Lenare

The Hon. Griselda Eden

Lenare

The Hon. Nancy Eden

Griselda and Nancy Eden are the second and third daughters of Lord and Lady Henley, and are coming out together this year. Lady Henley is the late Lord Carlisle's daughter and aunt of the present Earl; she and Lord Henley live at Askerton Castle, Brampton, Northumberland

Howard Coster, London

Francis Yeats-Brown—Militant Mystic

Bengal Lancer made Francis Yeats-Brown's name with the English reading public in 1930, and it is still his best-known book, although the swashbuckling Frontier film has since rather stolen the thunder of its title. Since then he has written three more books, *Golden Horn*, *Dogs of War*, a strong anti-pacifist reply to Beverley Nichols' *Cry Havoc*, and a sequel to *Bengal Lancer* called *Lancer at Large* (1936). He oddly combines mysticism with militancy, a belief in Yoga with strong Fascist sympathies. He has lately been in Spain, looking at the Civil War from the insurgent side; he greatly admires General Franco, and wrote a long account of an interview with him recently in a Sunday paper. Yeats-Brown became a soldier via Harrow and Sandhurst, went out to India in 1906 and into the Indian Army a year later; in the war he transferred to the R.F.C. in Mesopotamia, was a prisoner in Turkey from 1915 until he escaped in 1918. He retired in 1925 and became a journalist, was assistant editor of the *Spectator* for two years, wrote frequently for the *Saturday Review* during Lady Houston's ownership

"Bystander" Short Story No. 82

The King Who Hated Music

By Arthur Grant Morris

Sketches by Eric Fraser

"Cornelius dropped his fork and his jaw"

IT had been an atrocious evening for King Cornelius. Sherivadze had been playing at the Palace, and there had been a string quartet too, performing Beethoven, Brahms, and Kripplehaus.

"Damn fellers," thought the King mutinously, "sniffing and poking away for hours on end. I'd like to take a running kick at 'em from behind."

Beethoven and Brahms at least were decently dead, but Kripplehaus was abominably alive, and he had been recently decorated by the President of Zolivar.

Now why had he not been honoured at home? Why had this prophet to go abroad for recognition?

"It's a national scandal," Queen Ingeborn had said, to the King.

And the Queen-mother had backed her up saying: "You must arrange for a concert at the Palace, to decorate Kripplehaus and Sherivadze."

That was why Sherivadze had been playing Chopin and Kripplehaus.

That was why the quartet had been doing their worst.

The Queens had been exalted, the Princesses ecstatic, and the King horridly glum. Once he had spoken while Sherivadze was playing. . . .

"Sshhhh . . ." said Ingeborn.

"Ssshhhhh . . ." went Maria-Carina, the Royal mother.

Sherivadze was divine, you see, quite adorable, and Kripplehaus was a genuine maestro. He had taken his decoration off-handedly, without bowing.

But Sherivadze had kissed the Queen's hand more like a lover than a subject. The red ribbon and the glittering Order blazed exotically on his black coat; he moved like a Juan among the women.

And now it was all over. Cornelius had done his duty, and surely they would leave him in peace.

That was too good to be true.

In the morning, at breakfast, new horrors emerged.

"Last night was exquisite, eternal . . ." said Maria-Carina.

"Eternal all right," mouthed the King.

"But it was only a beginning," said his mother.

Cornelius dropped his fork and his jaw.

"There must be a vast public concert in the Icthian Hall," said the Queen-mother, "where Royalty and people alike shall combine to do honour to our national artists."

"But haven't I decorated the fellers already?" asked Cornelius, signing to a footman for three more sausages.

"I think we had better leave him to eat," said Queen Ingeborn, to her mother-in-law, "we can make our plans more pleasantly elsewhere."

So the organisation of the Homage Concert went forward inexorably, inescapably. The King was barely consulted; he received his orders direct from the Queens.

Kripplehaus and Sherivadze, however, attended innumerable committee meetings, either at the Palace or in the houses of great ladies, where they ate perfect luncheons, drank more cocktails than was good for them, and, taken by and large, behaved odiously.

"The whole concert must be broadcast, of course," said Kripplehaus.

"On all wave-lengths," added Sherivadze.

"Of course, of course," agreed Ingeborn.

"I had rather hoped," suggested Maria-Carina, a little diffidently, "that the proceeds of this concert might go to charity . . . ?"

Kripplehaus and Sherivadze looked at each other, and shook their heads.

The committee moved on hurriedly to other matters.

Thus, the route from the Palace to the Icthian Hall had to be timed. That was vital, for without express instructions from the King, no entertainment, at which he was to be present, could begin until he arrived, and until the National Anthem had been played.

The Queens, in common with all musicians, could not abide the Anthem, which was jolly and blaring.

They had asked the King to forego it this time, but he dug his toes in obstinately.

"At least you haven't to play"
"Play? God in heaven, play! Have I not to conduct?"

"Hang it all, it's the one tune I shall know, all through the evening."

So the ladies were forced to apologise to Kripplehaus and Sherivadze.

"He doesn't understand, you see. He doesn't realise how such things jar on sensitive temperaments."

Sherivadze shrugged his shoulders, and ran his delicate fingers over the keys, in the Duchess of Frondheim's boudoir.

BUT King Cornelius had his loyal supporters. He was the idol of the average man. And all his personal servants adored him; valets, lackeys, chauffeurs, grooms, outriders. They also pitied him.

"If my missis put me through the 'oop, with all that lousy music, I'd sock her one."

"Got it in one, Steve, an' you wasn't on dooty the other night. Gawd, not a tune the 'ole time."

THE concert was timed to start punctually at eight, with an overture of Weber's, and at 7.24 p.m., the King's personal car, blue, enormous, flying a small Standard, creamed out of the Palace gates, to the sound of wild cheers.

Then came the Queen's personal car, blue, enormous, but minus the Standard.

Then came the Queen-mother's car, blue and enormous . . .

Slowly the blue-and-silver procession rolled forward, and all along the route police held back the frantic crowds.

Hats were waving, and eager girls were throwing roses into the King's limousine.

Meanwhile, the Icthian Hall was packed to the doors by people who, regrettably enough, were more keen to get a sight of royalty than to listen to Kripplehaus and Sherivadze.

The great composer was livid with nerves. He kept biting his nails and cracking his yellow knuckles.

"At least, you haven't to play," said Sherivadze, writhing on a sofa.

"Play! God in heaven, play! Have I not to conduct my great works . . . ?"

WHILE temperaments were crackling and the clock was ticking in the

(Concluded on page 526)

The King Who Hated Music

(Continued from page 525)

artists' delicate ears the King's chauffeur, who was already three minutes behind schedule, drew his car into the kerb, with all the other Royalties behind him in a line. "They say, Sir," reported an Equerry, "that a gasket has blown."

The King sat, firmly rooted, and lit a cigar.

The Queen, champing and railing on the pavement, tried to make Cornelius see the seriousness of the situation. "Come into my car," she said, "Your staff can follow later. We can't keep Kripplehaus waiting. He'll be frantic with nerves."

"I think I'll take a look at the engine myself"

But the King, in subjection at the Palace, was very different from the King in public, surrounded by police and under the very eyes and ears of his devoted subjects.

"I think," he said, rather loud, "that I'll take a look at the engine myself, while you go on."

It was a command.

The five other cars, now ten minutes late, moved on, and the King, amidst rousing cheers, took off his coat and began peering under the enormous blue bonnet.

Camera-men were rushed to the spot to see the Royal mechanic, who was not too proud to roughen his hands with spanners and smother them with oil, working shoulder to shoulder with his own servants. Motors were a man's game. . . .

But the Queens were phrenetic in their respective cars. . . .

They need not have worried, for the King, with his well-known thoughtfulness, had already sent a footman to the telephone. Standing by the car, with the stub of his cigar in one oily hand, he had said, "Say they are to begin at once, and that there has been a mishap to my car. . . ."

Oh! what a cheer went up from those who heard him speak. What courtesy. How Royal, and such a sportsman.

But although Cornelius was a sportsman, his brain was working now, very fast and very shrewdly. . . . He was mapping out the evening, and part of his pleasure lay in imagining what would happen at the Hall. . . . He would get part of the concert well out of the way . . . then there were Crowd Psychology and the National Anthem.

And so, when the Queens arrived they found, to their surprise, that the concert had begun.

Rumours were flying round about accidents, and the conductor had already slashed angrily through the National Anthem once, to an audience who afterwards buzzed and whispered during the overture to Euryanthe.

Kripplehaus was now waiting, irresolute and enraged, wondering what to do about his symphony.

"Krisheim! I go on. . . ."

His arm was raised, his body vibrated, the orchestra were hypnotized, . . . and then an attendant tapped him on the shoulder.

"Scshlimkettele—what are you up to?"

"The Queens, Sir," said the loyal attendant, "The Anthem, Sir."

Kripplehaus shuddered and surrendered to public opinion. He lifted his bâton and smashed into the horrid catchy rhythm for the second time that night.

"This is dreadful," said Ingeborn, dead white with misery for her protégés.

"Appalling," said the Queen-mother, "What will Kripplehaus think?"

He was thinking a great deal, he was mopping his brow, and the great symphony suffered from a surfeit of jangles and worries, and rumours and whispers.

"The King's hurt, and the Queens have come on, so as not to disappoint the public." "His Majesty lies in hospital, after a smash. . . ."

"Sssssshhhhhhh . . . be quiet. . . ."

After forty minute's chatting, in his shirt-sleeves, and messing about with the car, with his chauffeur and mechanics, the King threw down his tools.

"Try the starter, now, Beak," he said.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The engine purred into a smooth drone.

"Not too bad, Beak," said the King, with the faintest suspicion of a wink, accepting a Virginian from an eager young workman in the crowd.

"I must have a wash, before we go on," he added, pushing breezily through the people to the nearest house.

"D'you mind if I come in?"

Mind? *Mind!*

"Your Majesty. . . . Clean towels, Dorothy, quick. . . ."

"Care for Kripplehaus?" said Cornelius, to the father of the family.

"Well, Sir," said the man, feeling his way.

"Neither do I," said the King. "Got any decent dance tunes on your gramophone?"

And for another twenty minutes he danced with the two pretty daughters, and their mother.

"Now I must push on," said the King, reckoning that he would get off with the tail end of the piano concerto.

By this time a great many people at the Hall were confident that the King was dead, or, at least, that he was paralysed and disfigured for life; possibly bombed by Bolsheviks. Kripplehaus and Sherivadze had been received by the Queens, during the interval, but the atmosphere had been unpleasant. . . .

And Ingeborn kept sending out frantic messages, which further upset everything, because footmen were constantly pushing in and out of the Circle.

But now Sherivadze, who was playing poorly, hitting two notes at once and getting blank-spots, had just begun the romantic slow movement of the concerto.

He had banked so much on this exquisite melody, meaning to play it tenderly, ravishingly, with upraised eyebrows, gazing at the Queen across the vast Hall, while all the people marvelled at such phrasing, such essence of passion. . . . He tried to pull himself together, to redeem himself . . .

And then the King came. His Majesty the King, safe and sound, after his terrible accident. . . . King Cornelius, immaculate, debonair, smiling. . . .

Into the softest curve and turn of the melody stepped this royal hero.

And the audience forgot Sherivadze, they forgot Kripplehaus. They sprang, shouting to their feet. They stamped and cheered. Kripplehaus threw down his useless bâton, and Sherivadze made a bolt to be sick. He was green and hysterical. The People didn't wait for the conductor. The men of the orchestra rose in a mass. And for the third time that evening, the National Anthem flared and blared, and roared and soared, until the great chandeliers rocked and swayed.

King Cornelius stood upright, by his Royal Chair. He looked at his wife, then at his mother. After that, in his clear, easy way, he spoke a few simple honest words to His People.

And who could blame the King for being late, when his car had let him down?

Indeed, the daily papers made far more fuss about the Royal Mechanic, the King who mended his own car, than they did over either Kripplehaus or Sherivadze.

"I wonder," said the weeping Ingeborn to her mother-in-law, "If that beastly car ever did break down at all?"

But she was never to know, because the King's chauffeur, like his Royal master, was a sportsman.

THE END.

"Kripplehaus threw down his bâton, Sherivadze made a bolt to be sick . . ."

Five Engagements

Bassano

Miss Mary Marshall

Has announced her engagement to the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Lord and Lady Chesham's only son. She is the daughter of Mr. D. G. Marshall, M.B.E., of White Hill, Newmarket Road, Fen Ditton, Cambridge

Below: Evelyn Waugh and Laura Herbert announced their engagement early this year. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, and a granddaughter, through her father, of the late Lord Carnarvon and, through her mother, of the late Lord de Vesci. Evelyn Waugh is Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh's novelist son

Miss Margaret Moon

Margaret Ann Moon is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. John Moon, of Tiverton, Devon, and is engaged to the Hon. Philip Lever, only son of Lord Leverhulme and Mrs. Selden Long. He came of age last year and is a keen point-to-point rider

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Laura Herbert

Left: Wilhelmina Josephine Phillipa van Haeften is the only daughter of Baron van Haeften, of The Hague, and Lady Ley, of King's Sombourne, Hants.; she is engaged to the Hon. Patrick Seely, Major-General Lord Mottistone and the late Mrs. Seely's second son

Lafayette

Miss W. J. P. van Haeften

Right: Miss Angela Duncan has announced her engagement to Gerald Joseph Yorke, elder son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. W. Yorke, of Forthampton Court, Gloucester. She is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir John and Lady Duncan, of 16, Bryanston Square

Elwin Neame

Miss Angela Duncan

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Behind the Scenes : By Alan Thomas

WHAT mean, selfish and generally contemptible creatures men and women are, to be sure, and how pleasant it is to read about them in Mr. Somerset Maugham's books. In his latest novel, *Theatre* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Maugham bares the soul of an actress (she herself performs the same service in respect of her body at intervals throughout the book). Julia Lambert is a theatrical star—the most famous in England. Her audiences adore her, and so with rather more intimate aspirations does a number of men. Yet with each of them love cheats her—her husband, handsome, considerate, always the gentleman and, oh, what a fool ; her dear Charles, a sentimental aristocrat and her constant adorer, but, when it comes to the point, nothin' doin' ; and her boy friend Tom, who wrung out her heart and turned love into torment. Even in the Edgware Road, which she visited with a view to finding out whether she really had any sex appeal or not (here Mr. Maugham strains our credulity a little), she drew a blank. "You never stop acting," her son Roger tactlessly but truthfully informs her, "It 's second nature to you. . . . Sham is your truth. Just as margarine is butter to people who don't know what butter is." And so we leave her, after another triumphant first night, sitting alone in the Berkeley over grilled steak and onions and a tankard of Bass. They, at all events, are real.

What struck me most about *Theatre*—apart from the entertainment ; Mr. Maugham can always be relied upon for that—was the circumscribed nature of the life which he presents. Julia's dual personality, the reality of it on the stage and the unreality off it—that is interesting and well done. But apart from her acting, was there nothing to this great and famous actress but sex, sex, sex ? It is hard to believe. Her life must indeed have been a narrow corner. For the rest, the book is thoroughly readable—and there is not a single nice character in it. That, as is seems to me, is the difference between *Theatre* and real life.

W. Somerset Maugham

Has written a new novel called "Theatre" with a star actress as heroine ; it is reviewed on this page. The photograph of Mr. Maugham was taken in the garden of his Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat

IN "*Old Q's*" *Daughter* (Hutchinson ; 18*s.*), Mr. Bernard Falk gives us the result of his researches into the history of the Hertford family, beginning with "Mie-Mie," third Marchioness of Hertford, "fruit of the liaison of the fourth Duke of Queensberry, commonly known as "Old Q.", with an operatic singer and dancer who had married into the historic family of Fagniani," and ending with Richard Wallace, her grandson, whose widow—once a "pretty assistant in a fashionable perfumer's shop" in France — bequeathed the Wallace Collection to the British people. Mie-Mie's husband, who was Thackeray's model for the wicked Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*, was a man whose intellectual gifts and instincts for fine art were only exceeded by his selfishness and voluptuous way of life—and perhaps, too, by his perverse sense of fun. His son, the fourth Marquess, "belonged to a rather familiar nineteenth-century aristocratic type, conspicuous by reason of its failings, among which was to be numbered a complete dearth of public spirit, or whatever corresponded to a sense of fellowship with the lowly and suffering." Yet from this unpromising material "incalculable nature was to conjure the philanthropist, Sir Richard Wallace," who during the siege of Paris was called "the Providence of the Poor," and who, compared with his forbears, was the only real gentleman of the lot.

By patient and minute research among countless dusty archives, Mr. Falk has succeeded, not only in unravelling many of the mysteries with which these puissant lords and ladies sought to surround their rakish lives, but also in giving the reader a wonderfully vivid account of the background, characters, deeds—and misdeeds—of one of the strangest families that England, Scotland and France between them have ever produced. "*Old Q.'s*" *Daughter* is a book of unusual human, as well as historical, interest.

"THERE was a time," writes Lord Hailey in his Foreword to Sir Edward Blunt's book entitled *The I.C.S.* (Faber and Faber ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), "when those who thought of a career in the Indian civil service felt that they could take India on trust." This is hardly the case to-day ; and young men who a few years back would never have hesitated to enter the Indian Civil if they had had the chance, may well ask what the prospects now are in that service. To this question Sir Edward Blunt, himself a distinguished Indian Civilian, supplies a full and reassuring answer. "The object of this book," he says, "is to explain to the British reader who has no personal knowledge of India, the nature of the work which the civil servant in India does, and the way in which he does it ; the course of his life ; the sport he enjoys ; and the occasional risks that he runs." Quantitatively, the British element of the I.C.S. is being reduced ; there is all the more reason therefore why qualitatively it must remain as high as ever. As Lord Willingdon has said : "We want young men with enterprise, imagination, and a sense of responsibility and sympathy with the aspirations of the people of the country." Hitherto there has, so far as I know, been no up-to-date book giving a picture of what life in the Indian Civil means. Now there is. And having read it, I commend it to all intending candidates, to their parents or guardians, and indeed to my fellow countrymen generally on whom the ultimate responsibility for governing India still very largely rests.

IN *Three Cedars* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Ursula Bloom has written the saga of a county family from 1830 to the present day. I am not sure that she has been altogether wise in challenging comparison with other and bigger writers who have used the same theme. Miss Bloom's undoubted talents would be, I think, more happily employed in a less spacious setting. And her trick of constantly using short, staccato sentences is apt to grow monotonous. Otherwise, she writes with verve, inventiveness and humour, of the house of Boyce, of its adventures and vicissitudes from its Victorian heyday to its break-up when the family is on the edge of bankruptcy. On the whole, the various Boyces were neither admirable not very likeable ; but Miss Bloom manages to make them all seem human. She is particularly successful with her portrait of the last heir of the Boyces, a young man whose ambition was to be a car salesman and to whom the idea of family tradition was anathema. This novel has all the essentials for popularity in the lending libraries.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

April showers are some of the trials of Spring, as they make it so difficult to know what to wear. A suit, however, is always a smart solution, and pictured above is a charming model in "Celanese" Celafil Chevron tweed. It is cut on very simple lines with a straight skirt and three-quarter length coat, slightly shaped in at the waist. The severely tailored effect is accentuated by the five buttons and high revers, while the material is black and white, very soft and closely woven to suggest a man's suiting. Orange accessories, including a bunch of nasturtiums, add an original note, though other colours could, of course, be substituted. "Celanese" fabrics are sold by all houses of prestige, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them application must be made to Celanese House, Hanover Square. One of their newest materials is "Treebark Jerze" which is ideal for tennis frocks as it is almost uncrushable and wears beautifully. "Celanese" Mylanit is also very lovely and particularly adapted to evening clothes since it drapes so well and is available in beautiful colours

"Evensong"

Delicate pastel tints are usually favoured for lingerie, though quite a number of women prefer sombre colours such as purple, navy blue and brown. A new shade this season, however, is Coronation gold, which is very striking with dark colouring and equally effective with fair. Its rich maize tones are often accentuated by a dark sash and shoulder straps, or a very deep-tinted lace. It is seen in the nightdress below, in sheer silk with dark nigger shoulder straps and an Empire waist. Entirely hand-made, it comes from Harrods, and is finely tucked, while the neck falls in a soft cowl

Alexander

Leisured moments are few and far between in this world of rush and bustle, yet there are times when it is infinitely restful to be able to relax for an hour or so in easy clothes. Pyjamas are ideally comfortable and lend themselves to rich artistic colours. Those pictured above consist of plain black trousers and a vivid printed coat with a bold floral design. It is cut on the lines of a tunic, buttoning from neck to waist, with long sleeves gathered at the shoulders. The price is six-and-a-half guineas, and they come from Harrods, Knightsbridge, who are showing the most lovely trousseau lingerie. Their long-sleeved nightgowns in sheer silk, smocked at the neck, are very quaint and becoming, while they appeal enormously to people who feel the cold

the bystander twins in search of novelties

discovered by Peta

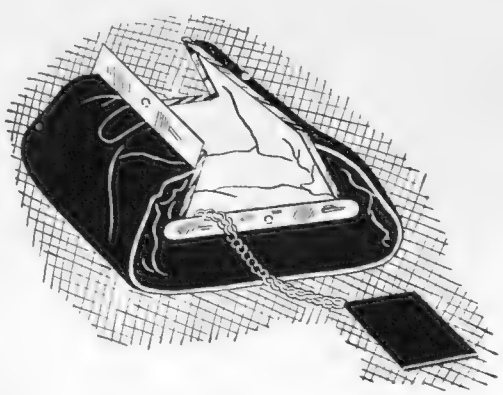
pictured by Pam

This new "choker" consists of a woollen rope in two contrasting colours. It is worn folded in half with the fringed ends passed through the loop, and only costs 7s. 6d. at Roderick Tweedie's, 7, Frederick Street, Edinburgh

Cornflowers in rich profusion are massed on this heart-shaped cap from Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road. A floating veil softens the forehead, while velvet ribbons tied in a bow hold it in place

Two views are given of the "tiara-necklace" on the right from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. It is made of the finest diamond paste which reflects sparkling points of light, while the exquisite design and workmanship is worthy of notice

Coloured accessories lend gaiety to a dark suit, and Gorringe's are showing some delightful bags in soft suède including the one below, a new variation on last year's "lobster pot" bag. It is loosely pleated, costs a guinea, and contains a captive purse



This neat collapsible bag in red moiré silk also comes from Gorringe's and costs 15s. 9d. It is "squat" and square with a chromium frame which expands quite considerably. When closed, however, it folds up fla

Tiaras have returned to fashion and are extremely becoming with modern coiffures. The necklace sketched is seen here as a tiara and bracelet. It costs fifteen guineas at Woolland's and lends dignity to the wearer

Mr. Vivian Cornelius, *who failed to win a Scotch by-election, deserves an easier seat next time. Tells Lancashire stories well and often. The House would like his polished assurance acquired as an Honorary Diplomat. Curly hair*

The Duke of Marlborough, *half a Vanderbilt, enjoys excursions to the States. Before the victor of Blenheim's glorious career the Churchills were rooted in Dorset and Wooton Glanville was the ancestral home. The tenth Duke, who still looks twenty-two, was in the Tins*

Colonel the Hon. Freddie Cripps *is a virile, picturesque figure straight from Dumas via Surtees. His original clothes and courtly manners draw frequent favourable comments from fascinated contributors to the public prints*

The Hon. Drogo Montagu, *younger son of the Earl of Sandwich and son-in-law of Baron Beaverbrook, can play swell match golf, make coloured movies and pilot a 'plane. Very handsome and entertaining*

The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, *whose two brothers were killed in the War, may become a power to reckon with. So far the world has not sized him up. Will inherit the "Daily Mail," etc., and the alert Harmsworth tradition. Has successful looks*

The Club Man

(1) White's

Lord Allerton, *Eton and R.M.C., is tall, sandy-haired and what lady novelists call loose-limbed. Plays in White's golf jousts. His jerseys are knitted by his wife and his family name is Jackson*

The Earl of Rosebery *is regularly and rightly voted a shrewd pillar of the Turf. Without him racing in Scotland would be a sorry business. Half a Primrose, half a Rothschild, his often successful colours are primrose, pink hoops and cap*

Mr. Rupert Byass *does not seem like a post-peace young man. His manly looks and quiet bearing are now exceptional. Very sporting in good luck and bad. Is heir-presumptive to his brother's baronetcy*

Colonel the Hon. Wilfred Egerton, *who was a great Whip, is an inspired raconteur. His memoirs could include the South African War and the Embassy Club. He has the Grand Manner from a more attractive era, all kinds of friends and one collar*

1.4a.

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the hours
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slowly by . . .

have you ever realised
at
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a time
that
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to relieve
the
monotony
of what seems
an
endless
journey

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Winner and Runner-Up

Sir Basil Eddis (Aldeburgh) lost to R. H. Romyn (Bridlington) by 3 and 2 in the Felixstowe final; the "Bystander" £500 Trophy is before them

A. P. F. Chapman and B. H. Valentine — Kent!

F. W. E. Collins and J. E. Ryan, two regular competitors

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

A Record Field at Felixstowe: R. H. Romyn Wins the Trophy—Sir Basil Eddis again Runner-Up

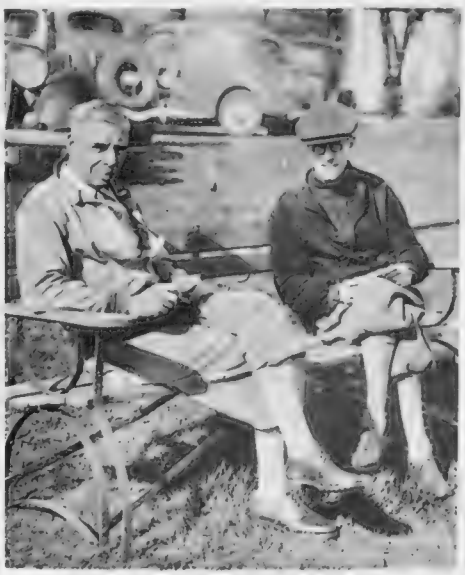
By J. S. F. Morrison

THE fifth week-end open amateur golf tournament for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes was played on March 20th and 21st this year, again at Felixstowe. Our thanks are due to the Committee of the Felixstowe Golf Club for allowing us to hold our meeting on its course for the fourth time and also for all the trouble taken to get the course into playing order. Just previous to this meeting there had been an excessive fall of rain, which had rendered many golf courses and even seaside links unplayable. On the day before the meeting the local fire-engine had been used to pump water off portions of the course, but unfortunately heavy rain in the same evening made the course just as wet as it was before pumping operations had started. On Saturday the sun shone brilliantly and there was no wind. The starters numbered eighty, which is the largest number which can be dealt with in a competition in which players qualify for various eights at this time of the year. Unfortunately, we had to refuse the entries of over twenty-five players.

The qualifiers for the Trophy, or Top Eight, were T. Williams (Felixstowe), 10; L. H. Fox (Felixstowe), 8; J. A. Irvine Edwards (Reigate Heath, late of Bridlington), 4; R. H. Romyn (Bridlington), 6; Sir Basil Eddis (Aldeburgh), 3; W. R. Skinner (Moor Park), 10; and the brothers Stewart, A. D. and I. M., from the neighbouring club at Woodbridge, whose stepmother has played on occasions with Roger Wethered in the Worplesdon Foursomes. The holder, S. H. R. Hornby (Burnham and Berrow), failed to qualify in the Trophy Eight, and joined another ex-winner in the Army champion, M. R. Gardner, in the Third Eight.

THE best score in the qualifying round was 74; both Sir Basil Eddis and J. A. I. Edwards returned this figure, while W. R. Skinner and the two Stewarts

Andrew McClure and W. McClure



R. F. Jennings and E. G. Snell

C. C. Taylor and L. G. O. Hutchison

J. K. Peppercorn and A. G. N. Robinson

Capt. J. Worrall, Felixstowe's secretary, and J. P. Harvey

W. E. Winstanley, winner of the Seventh Eight

W. J. Block with L. H. Fox, one of the Trophy Eight

were only one stroke more. The leader of the qualifying round has never yet won the Trophy; this year Sir Basil made a gallant attempt to do so and at one stage in the final appeared a likely winner. It is really extraordinary how often a man who just qualifies goes on to victory in the competition proper. When M. R. Gardner won in 1935 he only qualified by holing a twelve-yard putt on the last green. In the qualifying rounds of the *Daily Mail* tournament last year Padgham only qualified by doing the last hole in two and then went on to victory in the final stages at Bramshot. R. H. Romyn, the winner of the BYSTANDER Trophy, only qualified after a tie for the last place with S. Child. Romyn won by defeating in the final Sir Basil Eddis by 3 and 2, and deserves great credit as he let a winning advantage slip by shaky play in the middle of the round, only to recover his composure and finish strongly. Romyn drew first blood by winning the third, and appeared certain to win the sixth, the first of his two-stroke holes, when Sir Basil put his second in the ditch across the course, but he followed him in and only got a half in 7 to 6. Romyn then took five over the short seventh and then made his position still worse by taking three putts at the eighth to become all square.

SIR BASIL had the better of the next two holes, but Romyn managed to halve them by his opponent taking three putts on the ninth green and getting down in one putt himself at the tenth. After being obviously rattled for five holes, Romyn played the eleventh perfectly, and won it in four, and in a flash his confidence returned and from here he was attacking, and beat his man by winning three of the next five holes, one of them, the fourteenth, with the assistance of his stroke. Romyn is a regular supporter of this meeting, in spite of the fact that he has to travel all the way from Bridlington to play in it. While congratulating Romyn, we must sympathise with Sir Basil, who was making his second appearance in the final in three years; when Sir Basil drew level at the eighth and had obviously shaken his opponent, I thought he was the likely winner, but as things turned out his opponent pulled himself together at the very moment he appeared to have cracked.

THE winners of the other Eights were S. Child (Felixstowe), M. R. Gardner (Ferndown), L. H. Merton (Woking), F. R. C. Love (Burnham and Berrow), P. Stables (Wentworth), W. E. Winstanley (Woodbridge), E. N. Nobbs (Stoke Poges), G. Bracewell-Smith (Felixstowe), and J. K. Peppercorn (Moor Park).

S. H. Newman and F. R. C. Love

R. P. Harvey and A. McDonald Eddis

Major E. C. Rands and A. V. P. Rowlands

"Bystander" Trophy Players: A Ribald Review by H. H. Harris

Nice footwork by Army Champion M. R. Gardner and H. Garratt

Good all-round work and wide fairways brought Tom Williams to the semi-final

Norman Fogg conducts his ball into the tin with a good hangover

A chat on fashions: J. Mayell and R. Benjamin

J. E. Ryan watching

Dr. H. Dalton brings out Leonard Whelpton for the last round-up

Captain G. L. Stratton yodelling to the Trophy holder, S. R. Hornby

John Morgan himself

Monty Ravenhill, three holes behind his partner, but fifty strokes in front

By driving backwards to the previous hole, and by his partner driving from the ladies' tees, R. Kerry returned his lowest score

Paul Stables cleared up the sweeps

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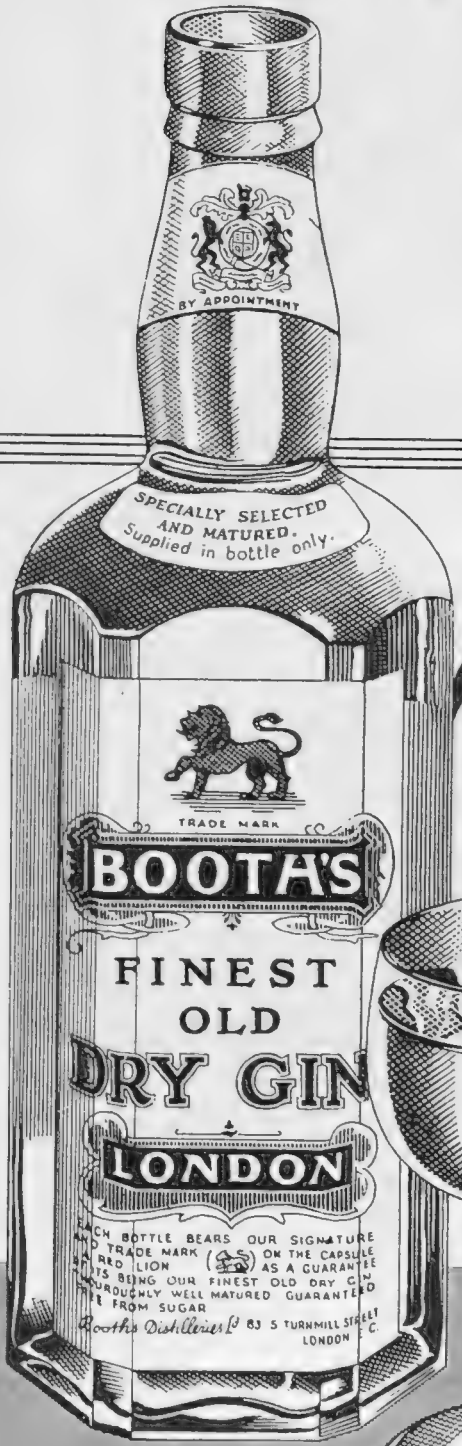

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Dorland

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Analysis of a Victory

So England have done it at last! As an unashamed partisan I gloat. At last England have gone to Murrayfield, and spread the Scotsmen, figuratively speaking, all over the map.

Perhaps this description of England's victory by two tries to a penalty goal is a little on the fulsome side. To be sternly realistic, I should say that England just managed to win a poor but enjoyable match, and with it the International Championship, the Calcutta Cup, and that romantic newspaper invention, the Triple Crown.

It is merely the circumstance that this was England's first triumph at Murrayfield which stirs the pulses unduly. After all, Scotsmen are apt to be a little truculent. A distinguished Edinburgh resident said to me just before the game began: "We don't mind losing to Wales or Ireland, but we do hate being beaten by England." He must have found that grey, misty afternoon very excruciating.

England won in the main for two very good reasons—the English forwards and F. J. Reynolds at stand-off half. It is a long time since I remember a Scottish pack being so hammered into subjection. The Englishmen had a vast superiority in the tight scrummaging, and in the loose they were quicker and better together.

Now the modern theorist will tell you that tries are not scored from the set scrummage. In point of fact, both the English tries came after a quick heel from the tight. And constant possession of the ball means constant initiative, so that England were driving onwards for three parts of the game.

There were lone wolves in the Scottish pack fighting grandly. J. A. Waters, a great player, was one of them. But it was not a scrummaging pack. One forward in particular hardly scrummaged at all, and Scotland suffered severely from lack of weight.

Why, then, did England not score more freely? Sound Scottish defence, for one thing, with W. R. Logan and K. W. Marshall as the bright particular stars. There were, however, other reasons. I cannot feel that B. C. Gadney was at his best, though it goes against the grain to criticise any English player who took part in that famous victory.

Gadney was unlucky. He had only played two or three games in three months, for an injured ankle had been troubling him. It is not easy to pick up the rhythm of anything so fast as international football when you are not in full training, and it struck me that Gadney, anxious not to fail the team, was pressing. His passes were harder and longer than ever, but they were also less accurate. They brought Reynolds up standing, instead of sending him smoothly and swiftly away.

It may be that this is a weakness of long passing. The ball comes like a rocket and is very difficult to take. The stand-off half has to make sure of gathering these cannon-balls, and he checks and waits for them, instead of taking them in his stride, as he would a shorter and more accurate pass. Gadney was apt to miss Reynolds or pass behind him, and, what is more, he paused in his back-swing sometimes and wasted a second.

The English attack, therefore, was infinitesimally but fatally delayed, and Reynolds had to make bricks without straw. He did his best, and it was due to his straight running that the English wings did receive the ball when they were still some yards from the touch-line. An Obolensky in Sever's place by using his speed and swerve might well have scored two or three more tries.

Let me add hastily that I do not wish to disparage match-winning Sever, that mighty man. Sever should wear the Triple Crown himself if it existed, for he scored the decisive tries, rattling good ones, against Ireland and Scotland, and dropped the goal which enabled England to snatch victory from Wales. He just is not fast, and Reynolds manufactures chances for really fast wings who can run round their opponents.

It was interesting to watch the effects of this straight running by Reynolds. Quite often we saw the English wings unhampered by the touch-line—indeed, Unwin scored his beautiful try simply because he had room in which to manœuvre. The Scotsmen, however, with Ross running across, were invariably driven to the touch-line, and not once did they look like beating the English defence by orthodox methods.

Here let me add that Cranmer and Candler in the English centre were defensively superb. They shadowed the Scottish mid-field players like a couple of men from Scotland Yard, and when tackling was necessary, they tackled with a will.

Unfortunately, neither Cranmer nor Candler looked good in attack. There may be two explanations for this—what a complex game is Rugby football, to be sure! Possibly the initial delay in the English attack enabled Scotland to close up the gaps. It may be that Reynolds carries a virtue too far, and holds on to the ball a shade too long.

It is better to pass too late than too early, for the defence is kept on tenterhooks, expecting the cut through, but this habit does mean very often that the centres are snuffed out, and so it was at Murrayfield. There was no breaking through in mid-field, and the English centres could only try the short punt, or the instantaneous pass to their wings. Even so, I wonder very much what Leyland would have made of the many opportunities which must have come his way.

The English mid-field machinery, then, was not moving altogether smoothly, and England therefore could not take full advantage of the generosity of their forwards. A pity, but we cannot have everything, and it was stimulating indeed to see that fine England pack at work, and encouraging beyond measure to watch a stand-off half whose ideas did not end with automatic passing and aimless kicking. England should do well next year.

They Beat Scotland and the Scottish Bogey

This photograph, taken at a practice match before the Calcutta Cup game when England beat Scotland 6—3, shows Candler, Obolensky (R), Cook, Reynolds, Bolton, Unwin, H. F. Wheatley, Key (R), Sever, Haskins (R), Longland, Dancer (R), Cranmer, H. Wheatley, Gadney, Gregory (R), Weston, Huskisson, Owen-Smith, Rogers (R), Howard Jones (R), Toft. Bracketed R after a name indicates a Reserve player

This England . . .

In the Chilterns

Handsomely farmed are these great chalk hills, but once they were covered in forests of beech, the lair of dangerous bandits. Indeed it was the duty of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds to ensure the safety of the neighbouring homesteads. Beechwood furniture, platters and cups are still made from the trees about Wycombe, but somehow your Worthington, though as old as they, seems more richly golden in a slender glass.

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Moor Park and Roehampton

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

As I always make a point of reminding you of my prophecies when they are right, let me be equally frank this week in owning that I was completely wrong over the London Foursomes. After the first day's play at Moor Park, it seemed to me, and to a good many others, inevitable that Worplesdon should win, Miss Bridget Newell and Mrs. Greenlees having shown themselves a really accomplished pair, who could get the figures regardless of weather. The same applied to them at the end of the second day: nobody had taken them further than the 14th. Then, in the semi-final, out they went to West Hill, while Royal Mid-Surrey were going out to Addington, and Addington it is whose name now decorates the cup for the first time.

The truth of it seems to be that Worplesdon had had too easy a time of it, so that when they were fairly and squarely tackled by a good young pair in Miss Raworth and Miss Norris, they simply had not that resistance born of battle which could have pulled them through. As for Addington, who, in the case of Mrs. Garon, had started so ill, they worked up to their best, and the final saw as good golf as you could possibly wish.

Now let 's go back to the second day's play. The weather overhead was chancy, with the makings of a first rate thunderstorm; underfoot, somebody likened it to sago pudding. It was a trifle warmer, and it did not rain all the time; but when you 've said that, you 've said all, except that the course was in really wonderfully good condition considering the abnormal rain, and the greens fast and good beyond all belief.

The matches were surprising that day. In the morning, exit the holders, Wentworth, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Stephens for Burhill pulling the match out of the fire and a gorse bush at the 12th, to win at the 19th from Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Carbutt. Then, in the afternoon, exit also Camberley Heath, at the 20th, to West Hill. Miss Raworth played some fine shots up to the hole on West Hill's behalf; Miss Gourlay missed some rather culpable putts on Camberley's. The two Miss Bartons for Royal Mid-Surrey were extremely well held by Sunningdale, for whom Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Bennett fought a very good fight; Miss Mervyn Barton played extremely well all through the tournament, but Miss Pam never found herself. Thorndon Park took them to the 15th, as Sunningdale had done, Thorndon being represented by Mrs. Wilfred Walker and Mrs. Quartanos, who was the first winner of this event, with Mrs. Collis Browne, fifteen years ago, when it was played at Chiselhurst, and won by West Hill, Mrs. Quartanos then being Miss Vivian Crombie. Addington's day was spent beating Verulam—six and four—and Burhill—four and three—Mrs. Beck keeping up her form and Mrs. Garon finding hers.

THE semi-final between that side and the Bartons ought to have been a dog-fight; instead, it was more like a procession. With nothing going right for Mid-Surrey, Addington, out in 42, won seven of those first nine holes, and only lost one—six and five was no more than their deserts.

It was the other semi-final which provided the fun. Miss Raworth seems suddenly to have fulfilled the promise which has always been hers: her shots up to the hole were as perfect as her style—which is saying a lot; and Miss Brenda Norris backed her up with sufficient length and some really splendid approaching and putting, however critical one may be of the awkward appearance of her stance and swing for the short game. Temperamentally they were great. They had a lead of three after eight holes played; after sixteen a deficit of one, but took the last two holes in a grand four and faultless three to win one up. They started well, too, in the final, and were two up at the 8th, having got so far in 36 shots. Then Addington took the next eight holes in 31, and so won by three and two. It was what one might call a sparkling display from all four, Addington playing just about as well as any pair could do.

And if everybody was a bit leg-weary, at least they enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, who runs this event so delightfully, always makes her players do that.

The Ladies' London Foursomes

Addington, last year's runners-up, won this event at Moor Park, beating West Hill by 3 and 2 in the final and the Barton sisters (Royal Mid-Surrey) by 6 and 5 in the semi-final. In the picture are Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Beck, the winners, Mrs. Morrice, hon. secretary, and Miss B. Norris and Miss M. Raworth, the runners-up; also the trophies

Back to English Golf

Pam Barton's first English success this season was winning the Scratch Gold Challenge Cup at Roehampton, which she accomplished with a score of 78. But she and her sister failed to beat the victorious Addington pair in the Ladies' London Foursomes (see below). With her here is her Roehampton foursomes partner, Mrs. Rabbidge

SO they did at Roehampton's Gold Cup meeting the next day. How it had been achieved nobody, except Colonel Miller and Mr. Colin Aylmer and the men who spread twelve tons of worm-killer in the last twelve months, could imagine, but the course was bone-dry, with a lovely springy carpet of sound turf; you could have gone round in dance slippers and done them no harm. Moreover, the sun shone, there was a hospitable air of welcome, quite a lot of people had backed Royal Mail, and heard it before their afternoon round was over, there was a highly distinguished entry, and Miss Pam Barton did the entirely suitable thing for a double champion by winning the Gold Cup with 78. She won it two years ago, you remember, with 74, but the course has been lengthened since then, and more bunkers have insinuated their destructive selves into the picture. The round was delightful to watch, with a snap about the shots and a mixture of care-free energy and resolution which somehow has seemed swallowed up by over-carefulness in the London Foursomes. Miss Newell, last year's winner, was an equally suitable second, at 82, after a tie with Miss Garnham and Miss Dudgeon of Beaconsfield, who took senior first handicap at 78. Miss Mary Cowan, who has been in for the last three Girls' Championships, took second handicap at 79 net, after a tie with Mrs. Booker-Milburn of Royal Dornoch, and those two Roehampton regulars, Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. A. D. Stocks.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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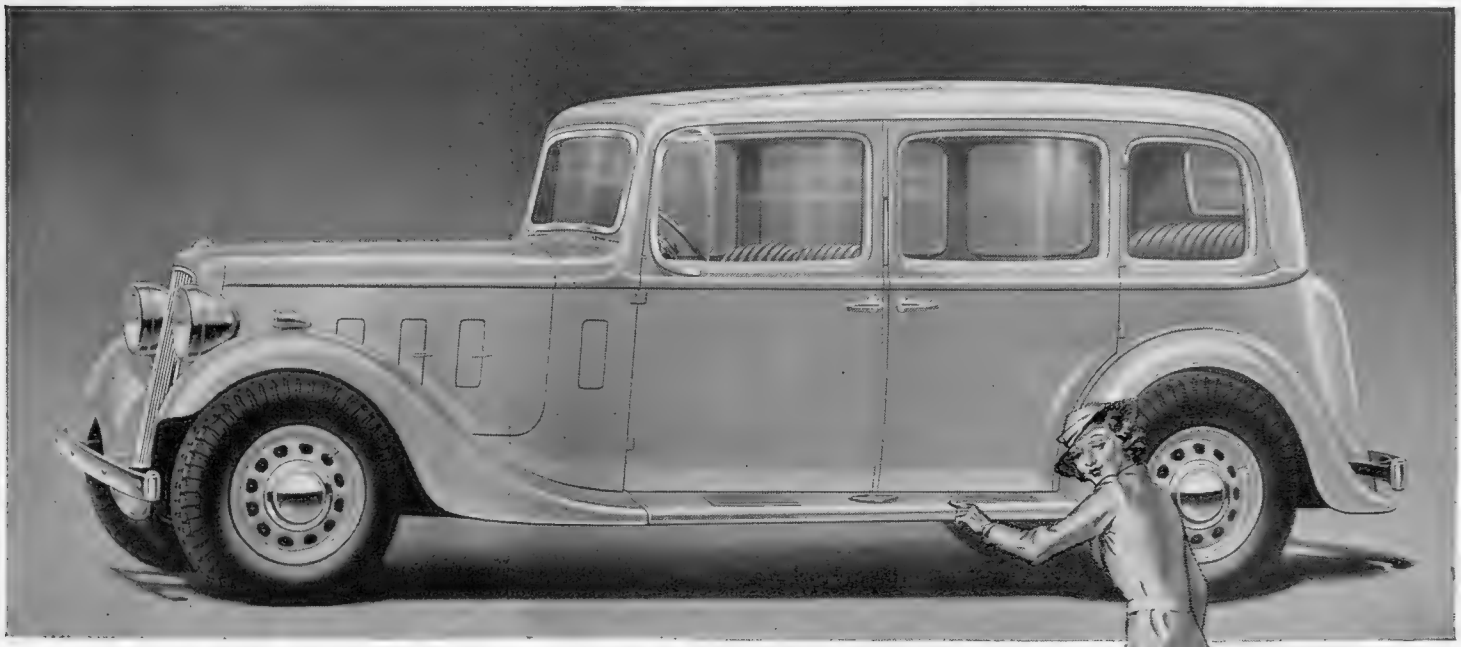

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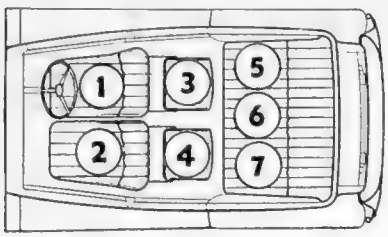

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Events in the Air at Home

By Charles Ward

Another Airport for London

THE managing director of Imperial Airways is reported to have told a Parliamentary Committee that his company proposed to move its London terminal from Croydon to Lullingstone, in Kent. It is not news that Croydon is over-crowded and, of course, Imperials have no monopoly on its space, for the airport is owned by the State and accommodation must be found for all of the original international lines. The disadvantages of Croydon are many, but where can one find another airport as accessible to London and to the foreign countries which it serves? Heston, now controlled by the Air Ministry, is to have Diesel rail-car connection with Paddington, bringing it twenty valuable minutes nearer the centre of town, but it will be a few years before this facility is installed. Gatwick is well sited on the Southern Railway, but its surface has been under the weather for heavy liners and the authorities forgot to build a siding for slip-coaches, so that the fastest trains did not connect with the air services. Anyway, British Airways have been unavoidably moved to Croydon and appear likely to remain there until the present deluge ceases, giving the Gatwick ground a chance to dry. Gravesend, another good airport for London, suffers from a poor ground service to the city centre, but it has been a boon and a blessing on many occasions to the Dutch and German liners that could not make Croydon in fog. Rumour has it that this airport has been bought by Imperial Chemicals, but whether for use as an airport or for testing chemicals is not known. Lullingstone would have the advantage of a fast rail service to Victoria, where Imperial Airways is building its new office and an air travel centre for the whole of the Empire.

The King's Cup Race

THIS year's contest will be flown late in the season—on September 10th and 11th—and to provide a special incentive for a Coronation race, Viscount Wakefield is giving £1000 to the winner, £350 to the second, £150 to the third, and two special prizes of £250 each to those making fastest time over the eliminating course. The course is much longer this year, including Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with many turning-points at popular resorts, but otherwise it has no feature of special interest. There are two classes, under and over 150 horse-power. The eliminating course measures about 800 miles, ending at Phœnix Park, Dublin, and two-thirds of the competitors in each class who make fastest time will be handicapped for a further 660 miles to Hatfield via Belfast, Blackpool and Cardiff. The finish must be a dull affair and, in fact, there will be no spectacle for the public during the entire race. Unless it becomes a speed event, with more prize money other than from the ever-generous Viscount Wakefield, and is thrown open to international competition, it is difficult to see how more interest can be created in the race.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Miss Lily Dillon, winner of the first prize for women at the Oasis Rally in Egypt, with Mr. F. D. Bradbrooke, assistant editor of "The Aeroplane," who flew as her passenger out and home. The 'plane was a B.A. "Swallow"

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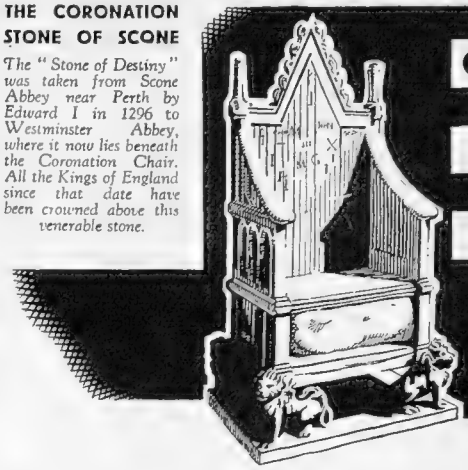

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Events in the Air at Home

(Continued from page ii)

A Light Twin Two-Seater

THE advantage of two or more engines to attain still greater reliability has long been recognised as desirable in small 'planes suitable for amateur pilots, but the difficulty has been to secure a small power unit, cheap to instal and operate. The late Sir John Carden developed such an engine from the 10 horse-power Ford motor unit, and this was flight-tested successfully in the "Pou." Now Mr. L. E. Baynes, already well-known for his work as a designer of sailplanes, has built a light two-seater with two of the Ford engines, developed to give about 40 horse-power each. There are several points of special interest about the job. The engines are mounted sideways, being almost completely encased in the monoplane wing and they drive pusher air-screws, thereby freeing the leading edge from interference with the pilot's view. The wing itself can be rotated on a pivot so that it lies along the top of the fuselage for storage purposes. Plywood construction is used, giving the 'plane an extremely clean look. The seats are side by side, with plenty of elbow room. Test flights are being made by Captain Hubert Broad, who was for many years chief pilot to de Havillands and is now on independent work.

"Flight"

A spectacular take-off by one of Mr. W. Rigby's latest single-seater fighters. It requires no pilot, being a model of 3 feet span, made of paper and capable of 30 miles an hour

News from the Tarmac

THE Royal Aero Club fixture card for the season is a full one, with 33 events listed between April 15th, the date of the Sahara Rally organised by the Italian Aero Club, and September 12th, that planned for the Coupe Deutsch de la Meurthe. The aerodrome at Ramsgate, owned by the town and managed by the Straight Corporation, is to be opened officially on July 3rd, after which the Thanet Air Race will be held on August 21st. At Exeter and Plymouth, two more municipal aerodromes controlled by the same concern, there is to be a joint meeting called Devon Air Day on July 24, with a race between the two centres. Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith has presented a handsome silver challenge cup to A.S.T. at Hamble, for competition amongst civilian students on the basis of the best all-round flying record for the year. The School has ten such trophies in all; four for flying, four for ground subjects, and two for sailing. Air Despatch of Croydon, started and managed by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, is one of the few companies permitted to land air taxis at Cherbourg to meet ocean liners. Its fleet includes nine twin-engined 'planes, available to fly anywhere at any time.

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Modern Aids to Beauty: A Long Lasting Lipstick

COLOURS this Spring are unusually vivid, which means that a new scheme of "make-up" will often be necessary. With Coronation gold, for example, and the various shades of yellow which combine so well with black and nigger, an orange lipstick should be chosen, whereas a pinker tint is required for any kind of blue. One lipstick, therefore, will not be enough, but it is wise to choose different shades of the same range as two can then be blended together. The new Tattoo lipsticks have been prepared in five exotic shades that flatter the lips and prevent them from becoming chapped. "Hawaiian" is a wonderfully rich red which goes well with dark colours and never turns purple, while "Coral" is excellent for women of titian colouring as it is almost natural with just a hint of orange. "Exotic" is another vivid shade which is particularly striking with pale opaque skins. For those, however, who are uncertain as to the exact tone to choose, there is "Pastel," which changes colour when applied and has a transparent effect. "Tattoo" lipsticks cost 4s. 6d. and retain their colour for hours. They are obtainable practically everywhere.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1937)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (13th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Monday, May 3rd, 1937.

Holders: MISS MERVYN BARTON and MISS PAM BARTON.

WENTWORTH NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 23rd, 1937.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (13th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Monday, May 3rd, 1937

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 23rd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 26th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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